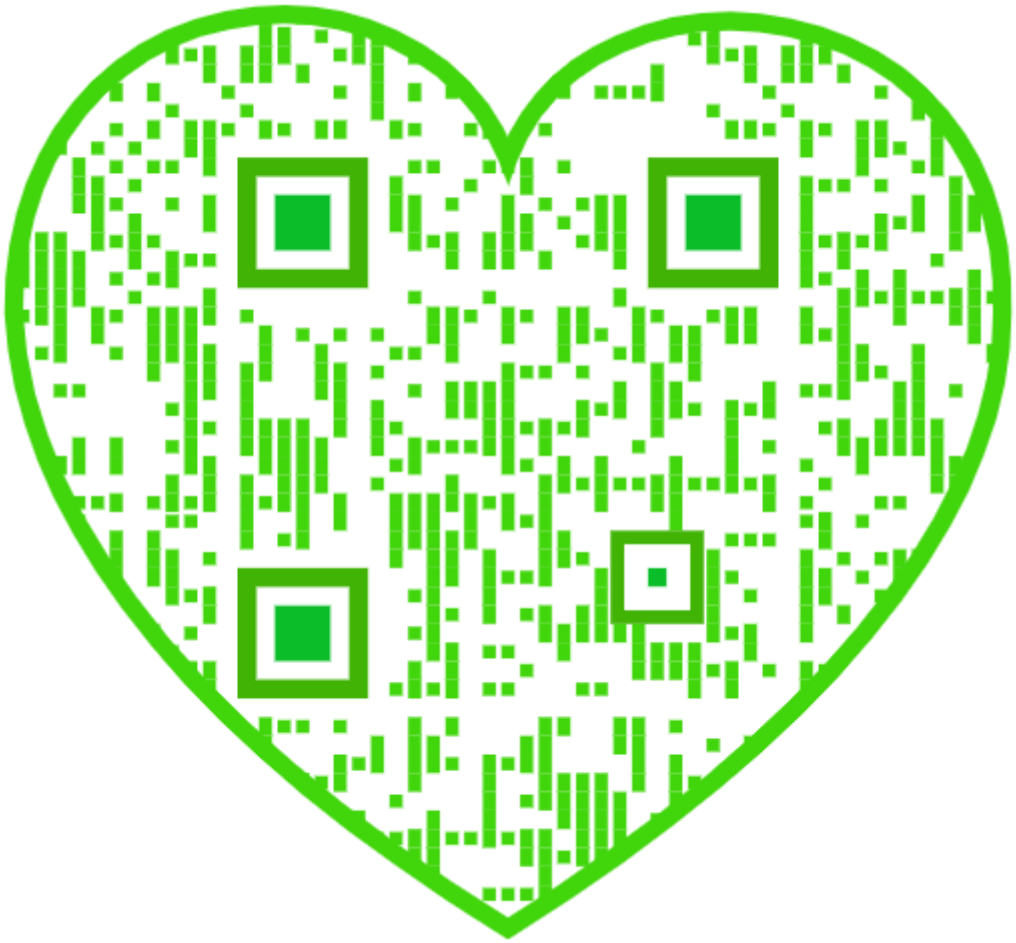

THE

NEW McGUFFEY

THIRD READER

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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PREFACE.

THE present revision of *McGuffey's Readers* has been made with due recognition of the advancement that has taken place in methods of instruction since the appearance of the former revision somewhat more than twenty years ago. While embodying those features which represent the latest and best ideas relative to the theory and art of teaching reading, this new edition retains the distinguishing characteristics which have given to the *McGuffey Readers* a more widespread and enduring popularity than has ever been attained by any other series of school text-books. More than half of the selections used are new to the series, and all have been carefully revised and adapted in conformity with the general plan of this revision. The aim has been, while avoiding experiments and whatever may prove to be of short-lived interest, to hold fast to those things that are worthiest and most valuable, whether new or old.

Lessons inculcating worthy ideas in regard to right thinking and right doing form a considerable portion of the contents of this book. Stories relating to common objects and phenomena of nature are so presented as to encourage habits of observation and inquiry. Selections from the most popular writers for young people are given, and the pupils are introduced to a few of the best and most enduring productions in modern literature.

The transition from the preceding book is without any break or unexpected difficulty; and care has been taken throughout the volume to make the pupil's progress evenly gradual. Only a few new words are used in each selection, and in the first half of the volume all such as would present the slightest difficulty to the learner are given in an appropriate word list at the head of the lesson. These

the pupils should learn to recognize by sight, as well as to spell and pronounce by the aid of the diacritical marks that accompany them. In the latter part of the book, the difficult words are defined in a list at the end of the lesson, thus affording ready assistance to the pupil while preparing for the recitation.

The brief Introduction, relating to the principles of good reading, is intended to afford to the teacher some suggestions for a series of practical lessons to be presented from time to time as occasion may demand.

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INTRODUCTION.

GOOD READING.

A GOOD reader is always listened to with attention and pleasure; a poor reader never satisfies himself or those who hear him. The reasons for this are plain. The good reader has a quick eye to know every word at sight; he has a ready control of his voice, and therefore pronounces distinctly and correctly; his mind is alert to catch the meaning of that which he reads, and hence it is easy for him to make his hearers understand and enjoy. To him reading is a delight; it is merely talking from the book.

On the other hand, the poor reader has not learned to recognize words quickly and easily; new words are to him like the faces of strangers, and he finds it hard to know them. He must even guess at some of the commoner words that ought to be familiar to him. All this gives him so much trouble that his eye has not the time to run forward and take in the meaning of the whole sentence while his voice is still on the first words. He therefore stumbles along from word to word, and does not understand much of that which he is trying to read. Do you think it is any wonder that he cannot make others understand it? Reading is to him an irksome task; it is the hardest kind of work, and he finds no pleasure in

it. His hearers are weary of him before he has labored through a single sentence; they do not like to listen to him.

Every person ought to become a good reader, both because of the pleasure that may be gotten from books and because of the knowledge that can be gained only by reading. It is true that most of your reading will be silent reading; but if you cannot read aloud well enough to make your hearers understand and enjoy, your silent reading will be a mere stumbling over words, and all book learning will be a task.

It is quite easy for some children to learn to read well, while for others it is very difficult, — just as it is easy for one boy to learn to catch a ball and very hard for another. But there is no reason why even the poorest reader should not try his utmost to improve. This he may do by paying careful attention to many things.

In order to recognize every word at sight, you must have much careful practice. Do not guess at words, but study them until their appearance is as familiar to you as the faces of your schoolmates and friends. Study the new words at the head of each lesson; study them also as they appear in connection with other words in the lesson itself.

To be able to pronounce every word correctly, learn the meaning of the diacritical marks that are used with those in the word lists.

Let your eye run quickly from the beginning of a sentence to its end, so that you may grasp its meaning before your voice has had time to speak the words. Practice first with short sentences, then with longer and still longer ones.

Study each reading lesson silently and carefully, try-

ing to know every word and to understand every thought, before you are called upon to read it aloud. And then remember that good reading is just like good talking, and let the tones of your voice be as free from restraint as though you had no book in your hand, but were merely telling something to your schoolmates.

EMPHASIS.

In reading and in talking we always speak some words with more force than others. We do this because the meaning of what we say depends most upon these words.

If I wish to know whether it is George or his brother who is sick, I speak the words *George* and *brother* with more force than the other words. I say, Is it *George* or his *brother* who is sick?

This greater force with which we speak the words is called emphasis.

The words upon which emphasis is put are sometimes printed in slanting letters, called *Italics*, but in most cases the reader must determine for himself, by the meaning of the sentence, what words must be spoken with greater force.

EXERCISE.

The words printed in Italics in the following questions and answers should be read with more force than the other words; that is, with emphasis.

Did *you* ride to town yesterday? No, my *brother* did.

Did you *ride* to town yesterday? No, I *walked*.

Did you ride to *town* yesterday? No, I went into the *country*.

Did you ride to town *yesterday?* No, I went *the day before*.

Have you seen *James* or *John* lately? I have seen *James*, but not *John*.

Did you say there were *four* eggs in the nest, or *three?* There were only *three* eggs, not *four*.

Were the eggs *white* or *blue?* The eggs were *white*, not *blue*.

Had the boy a *hat* on his head or a *cap?* He had a *cap* on, not a *hat*.

PUNCTUATION.

MARKS AND PAUSES.

These marks are used to point off written or printed matter into sentences and parts of sentences, and thus to assist the reader in obtaining the meaning of the writer. They seldom indicate the length of the pause to be made; this must be determined by the sense.

A **Hyphen** (-) is used between syllables in a word divided at the end of a line; as, "kins-folk," "even-ing," page 19, and between the parts of a compound word; as, —

There would be no good-for-nothing examples.

The **Comma** (,), **Semicolon** (;), and **Colon** (:) mark grammatical divisions in a sentence; as, —

Good-morning, good-morning; our work is begun.

He said kindly: "Duncan, you are a brave boy."

A **Period** (.) is placed at the end of a sentence; as, —

God is love.

Stick to your bush.

A period is also used after an abbreviation; as, —

Mr. Day. Dr. Franklin.

An **Interrogation Point** (?) denotes a question; as,—

Do you think so?
What does it mean when the days are short?

An **Exclamation Point** (!) denotes strong feeling; as,—

Oh, mother, do tell us what it was!

The **Dash** (—) is used where there is a sudden break or pause in a sentence; as,—

And said, — "Dear work, good-night!"

Quotation Marks (" ") denote the words of another; as,—

"Seven in all," she said.

An **Apostrophe** (') denotes that a letter or letters are left out; as,—

'Tis a lesson you should heed.
That's what I'd do.

It is also used to show ownership; as,—

Grandmother's clock. Helen's book.

DIACRITICAL MARKS.

The long sounds of the vowels are shown as follows: —

ā, *as in* gāte.	ē, *as in* shē.
â, " câre.	ẽ, " hẽr.
ä, " ärm.	ī, " īce.
å, " låst.	ō " cōld.
a̤, " ba̤ll.	ū, " ūse.

ȳ *as in* flȳ.

The short sounds of the vowels are marked thus : —

ă, *as in* ăm.	ŏ, *as in* dŏg.
ĕ, " pĕt.	ŭ, " ŭp.
ĭ, " ĭn.	y̆, " my̆th.

Other sounds are shown by still other marks, as : —

ạ, *as in* whạt.	ọ, *as in* tọ.
ê, " thêre.	ô, " fôrk.
ĩ, " sĩr.	õ, " wõrk.
ȯ, " sȯn.	u̇, " fu̇ll.
ọ, " wọlf.	û, " bûrn.

ṳ, *as in* rṳde.

Some of the consonants also have two or more sounds, and are marked as follows : —

e, *as in* ean,	*has the same sound as* k.						
ç, " içe	"	"	"	"	"	s.	
ġ, " ġem,	"	"	"	"	"	j.	
n̲, " thin̲k,	"	"	"	"	"	ng.	
s̲, " is̲,	"	"	"	"	"	z.	

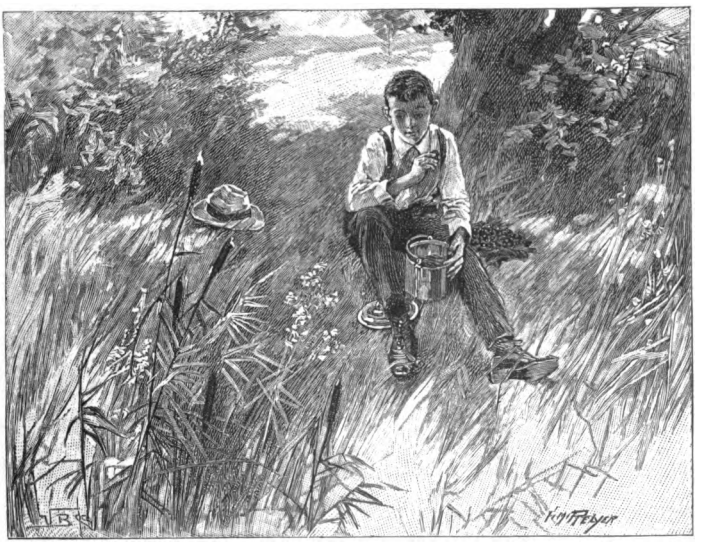
Sometimes two vowels are required to form a single sound, as : —

o͞o *in* ro͞om.	oy *in* boy.
o͝o " lo͝ok.	ou " round.
oi " toil.	ow " cow.

Sometimes two consonants are required to form a single sound, as, —

th *in* thĭn.	sh *in* shĕll.	ph *in* ĕl′e phant.
th " thĭs.	gh " laugh.	qu " pīque.

hạul	bănks	hēap	mō′ment
dĭn′ner	bŭnch	tāste	hăp′pĭ ness
scär′let	ġĕn′tlў	quĭt	rīpe′ness



WILD STRAWBERRIES.

George's mother was very poor, and so, although he was quite a small boy, he had to help her in every way he could. In summer, instead of playing with the other boys,

he often found work to do with a farmer who lived almost a mile from the village.

One fine day in June, the farmer sent George to an old field at the back of the farm to pick up stones.

Since the field was so far from the house, the little boy carried his dinner with him in a tin pail. He was to stay alone all day, for the farmer knew that he would work well.

The morning was bright and warm, and George kept very busy. After a time the sun was so high that he knew it must be noon, and he began to think about his dinner.

Near one end of the field there was a brook, and on its banks were some trees which made a pleasant shade. George thought that this would be a fine place in which to rest and eat, and spend the noon hour.

While he was looking around, he saw not far from the brook some fine, wild strawberries, that were a bright scarlet with ripeness.

"How good these will be with my bread and butter!" thought George; and he set to work to gather all he could find. He picked

as many as he could hold in both hands, and then seated himself in the shade of a tree.

It was a pleasant place, and George felt very happy. He put the strawberries on a bunch of green moss by his side, and then opened his dinner pail. He thought how much his mother would like to see him there, and to be there herself, instead of in her dark, little cottage in the village.

As he was thinking this, he lifted the first strawberry to his mouth. "How much mother would like these," he said to himself; and then he stopped, and put the strawberry back.

"Shall I save them for her?" said he, thinking how much good they would do her, yet still looking at them with longing eyes.

"I will eat half, and take the other half to her," said he at last; and he put them on the moss in two heaps. But each heap looked so small, that he put them together again.

"I will only taste one," thought he; but, as he again lifted it to his mouth, he saw that he had taken the finest, and he put it

back. "I will keep them all for her," said he, and he lined the tin pail with leaves, and put the berries into it very carefully. Then he left it in a cool place till he should go home.

When the sun was almost down, George quit his work for the day and started home. How happy he was, to think that he had all his strawberries for his mother. The nearer he came to his home, the less he wished to taste them.

Just as he reached the door he heard his mother's voice calling him from the next room, "Is that you, George? I am glad you have come, for I have been very lonely all day."

George ran in and gave her his wild strawberries. "And you saved them for your sick mother, did you?" said she, laying her hand gently on his head, while the tears stood in her eyes. "God will bless you for all this, my child."

Could the eating of the strawberries have given George half the happiness he felt at that moment?

sĭr	kĭlled	a wāke′	prŏm′ised
lärk	ōwned	wāste	n̲eigh′bor̲s
fāil	bĕgged	săd′dle	kĭns′fōlk
rēap	shāke	mīnd	our sĕlve̲s′

THE LARK'S NEST.

In a field of wheat there was a Lark's nest, and in the nest there were four young Larks almost large enough to fly.

One morning when the mother Lark was going out for something to eat she said to her little ones, "Keep your eyes open to-day, my children."

"What do you mean by that, mother?" asked the little Larks.

"I will tell you. The wheat is now ready to be cut, and the reapers may come into the field at any time. We must be ready to move as soon as they begin their work. So you must keep wide awake, and when I come home tell me all that you see or hear."

The little Larks promised that they would do so, and the mother flew singing away.

She was hardly out of sight when the Farmer who owned the field came with his son to look at the wheat. "I tell you what, John," he said, "it is time that this wheat was cut. Go round to our neighbors this evening and ask them to come to-morrow and help us."

When the mother Lark came home the little ones told her what they had heard; and they were so badly frightened that they begged her to move them out of the field at once.

"There is no hurry," she said. "If he waits for his neighbors to come, he will have to wait a long time. We will not move till your wings are a little stronger."

The next day, while the mother Lark was away, the Farmer and his son came again.

"John, did you ask our neighbors to come?" said the Farmer.

"Yes, sir," answered John, "and they promised to be here early this morning."

"I wonder why they do not come," said

the Farmer. "The sun is now high in the sky, and not one of them has come near the field. We will wait for them a little while."

And so the Farmer and his son waited in the field until almost noon, and still no one came to help them. "Well, John," said the Farmer, "it seems that our neighbors have

failed us, and we must now call in our kinsfolk. Go and saddle your horse and ride round to all your uncles and cousins and tell them to be sure to come to-morrow and help us reap this wheat."

The young Larks were very much frightened when they heard this, and in the evening they told their mother all about it.

"Mother," they said, "we shall be killed if we stay here another day. Our wings are strong enough; let us fly away right now."

"Don't be in a hurry," said the mother. "If the Farmer waits for his kinsfolk, the wheat will not be cut to-morrow. The uncles and cousins have their own wheat to look after."

She went out again the next day, but told the little Larks to keep as wide awake as before.

Towards noon the Farmer and his son came into the field.

"See how late in the day it is," said the Farmer, "and not a man has come to help us."

"And the wheat is so ripe that it is all falling down and going to waste," said his son.

"Yes," said the Farmer, "and neither our neighbors nor our kinsfolk have come to help us. I see there is no other way but to do the work ourselves. Let us go home and get everything ready, and to-morrow, before the sun is up, we will come and begin."

The mother Lark came home quite early that day, and the little Larks told her all that they had heard.

"Now, indeed, it is time for us to be off," she said. "Shake your wings and get ready to fly; for when a man makes up his mind to do his own work, it is pretty sure to be done."

---

tāle	a̤l'ters	be liēve'	voiçe
châir	fa̤l'ter̤s	de çēive'	twĭsts
dĕad	cheer̤s	fa̤lse'hŏŏd	sī'lent
thrōw	bu̇tch'er	chŏp'ping	re wa̤rd'
re çīte'	whĕth'er	whĭs'pered	ăp pro̤ve'

TRUE DUNCAN.

I once knew a boy whose name was Duncan. His playmates called him True Duncan, because he would never tell a lie.

One day he was playing with an ax in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick the teacher's cat came running by. Duncan did not see the cat, but let the ax fall on her head.

Poor Pussy was killed by the stroke. She was the teacher's pet, and often sat on a chair by his side while he was hearing the boys recite their lessons.

Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature. His face grew red, and the tears stood in his eyes. He did not know what to do.

The other boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to his mates and said, "Now we shall see whether Duncan will tell the truth, or whether he will not try to get out of trouble by telling a falsehood."

Tom Jones stepped up and said: "Here, boys, I will throw the cat out into the street, and then you can tell the teacher that the butcher's dog killed her. You know that he

ran after her last week, and he kills every cat he can catch."

Some of them thought this would be a good plan. But Duncan would not let Tom touch the cat. His lips trembled, and his face became very red.

"No," said he, "no! Do you think I would tell a falsehood like that? It would be a lie, a *lie*, a LIE!" And every time he said the word his voice grew louder and louder.

Then he picked up the dead pet, and carried it into the schoolroom. Tom Jones and some of the other boys followed him, to see what would be done.

The teacher was at his desk; but when he heard the boys, he looked up. "What is this!" he cried. "Who could have killed my poor pussy?"

All were silent for a little while. Then Duncan spoke up and said: "Mr. Day, I am very sorry, but I will tell you the truth. I killed her. I should have been more careful; but I let the ax fall on her as she was run-

ning past me. Indeed, I am very sorry that it happened."

The boys expected to see the teacher become very angry. But instead of doing so he smiled, and said kindly: "Duncan, you are a brave boy! I was standing at the window, and saw and heard all that passed. Your best reward is in the thought that you have done right by speaking the truth."

The boys about the door could not keep still. "Three cheers for True Duncan!" they cried. "He is as true as gold."

"My boys," said the teacher, "I am glad that you know what is right, and that you approve it. Learn that it is never right nor wise to tell a falsehood, and remember the lesson that True Duncan has taught you to-day.

"He that falters,
Twists or alters
In his tale the smallest part,
May deceive me,
But, believe me,
He will never win my heart."

wo͝lf	grie͡ved	e͡ar′nest	sīgn
thīrd	vĭl′la͡ge	be lŏnged′	sĭn′gle

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A boy was once taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.

One day, thinking he would have some fun, he cried out, with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

The men came running with guns and axes to kill the wolf. When they saw that they had been deceived, they went home again, and left John laughing to himself.

As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!" The men came again, but not so many as before. They were angry when they saw no sign of the wolf; and went slowly back to their work.

On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in great fright, "Help! help! the wolf! the wolf!" but not a single man came to help him.

The wolf killed many sheep, and carried away a beautiful lamb that belonged to John.

Then he felt very sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

dŭll	grīnd	quĕnch	dą̣ugh'ter
drīed	thīrst	wrēaths̱	quĕs'tĭon

LET IT RAIN.

Rose. See how it rains! Oh dear, dear, dear! how dull it is! Must I stay in doors all day?

Father. Rose, are you sorry that you had any bread and butter for breakfast this morning?

Rose. Why, father, what a question! I should be sorry, indeed, if I could not get any.

Father. Are you sorry, my daughter, when you see the flowers and the trees growing in the garden?

Rose. Sorry? No, indeed. Just now I wished very much to go out and see them, — they look so pretty.

Father. Well, are you sorry when you see the horses, cows, or sheep drinking at the brook to quench their thirst?

Rose. Oh, father! you must think I am a cruel girl to wish that the poor horses that work so hard, the beautiful cows that give so much good milk, and the pretty lambs should always be thirsty.

Father. Do you not think they would die if they had no water to drink?

Rose. Yes, sir, I am sure they would.

Father. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained. Do you think the trees and flowers would grow if they never had any water on them?

Rose. No, indeed, father, they would be dried up by the sun. Then we should not have any pretty flowers to look at, and to make into wreaths for mother.

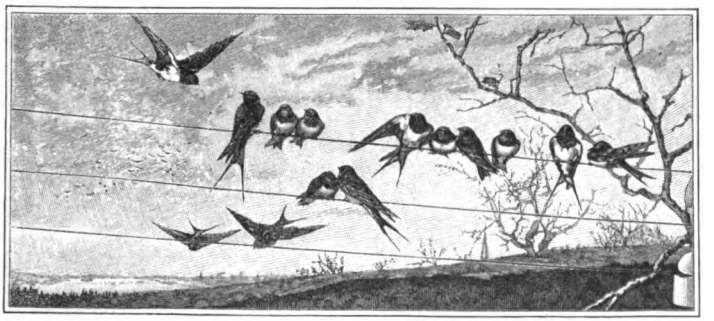
Father. I thought you were sorry it rained. Rose, what is our bread made of?

Rose. It is made of flour, and the flour is made from wheat, which is ground in the mill.

Father. Yes, Rose, and it was rain that helped to make the wheat grow, and it was water that turned the mill to grind the wheat. I thought little Rose was sorry it rained.

Rose. I did not think of all these things, father. I am truly very glad to see the rain falling.

dąwnş	rō′şy	tĭnts	frown
ląwnş	tĭn′kle	fōld	dew′drŏps
whĭrl	länce	boughş	chĭm′ney



THIS IS THE WAY.

This is the way the morning dawns:
  Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
  Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns —
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the rain comes down:
  Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
  Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend and skies that frown —
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the river flows:
Here a whirl and there a dance,
Slowly now, then like a lance;
Swiftly to the sea it goes —
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the birdie sings:
Little birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings —
This is the way the birdie sings.

---

breāk	ĕx ăm'ple	sĭx teen'	pĕn'çil
slāte	căl'cu lāte	de pĕnd'	fĭg'ureṣ
blāme	prŏb'lem	wĭck'ed	ēaṣ'i er
faṳlt	a rĭth'me tic	nĕg lĕct'	pout'ed
cŏp'ў	thôught'less	re fūṣed'	sŭp pōṣe'

THE OLD SLATE.

"I have a great mind to break this old slate," said little Charles one morning, as he was studying his lesson in arithmetic.

"Why, what has the poor slate done?" asked the pleasant voice of his sister Helen.

"Nothing. It won't do this hard example for me, and here it is almost school time!"

"What a wicked slate, Charles!"

"So it is. I would like to throw it out of the window, and break it to pieces on the stones."

"Will that do your example, Charlie?"

"No, but if there were no slates in the world, there would be no good-for-nothing examples to do."

"Oh, ho! How is that? Did slates make arithmetic? Would people never have to count and calculate if there were no slates?"

"Well, at any rate, I don't like these hard questions in arithmetic. I don't see what good they can do."

"And for that reason you get angry with the poor slate! Now, that is the way with thoughtless people. When things do not please them, they get angry and find fault with everything around them, without stopping to think that it is themselves that ought to bear the blame. Now, Charlie, let me see what I can do to help you."

So Helen sat down in her mother's easy chair, trying to look very grave and wise, although she was but sixteen. Charles laid the slate on her lap, and stood by her while she looked at it.

"Why, what is this?" said Helen. "Here

I see soldiers, and cats, and dogs, and houses with windows of all shapes and sizes. But where are your figures?"

"Oh, they are on the other side," said Charles, turning the slate over. "But they won't come out right."

"How long have you been trying to make them come out right?"

"Oh, not very long. It's too hard work."

"And how long have you been making pictures, because that was easier?"

Charles hung his head and did not answer.

"Now, my little man," said Helen, "you must go to work in good earnest, and make up for lost time. It is all well enough to draw pictures; but there is a right time and a wrong time for everything. And you must not neglect to do a hard task, just because it is easier to do something else. Come, now, let me see what you can do with this question."

"Oh, sister, it is now half-past eight. I can't do all this work and get to school by nine. I shall be late. What shall I do? Won't you do the work for me? Just this once, Helen?"

"No, indeed," said Helen.

"Oh, do! there's a dear, good sister! Just this once!"

"No, Charlie, you would never learn arith-

metic in that way. If I should do this for you to-day, you would find it harder to be refused to-morrow.

"You will spend your time drawing pictures, and then depend upon me to do your hard work. No; but I will do a much kinder thing for you — I will keep you close at it till the lesson is mastered."

So she drew the little boy close to her, and although he pouted at first, she soon had him busy at work. She questioned him about the hard points in the problem, and led him to see the right way to work them out.

At first she held the pencil herself, and put down the figures as he told her to do, and then she made him copy the whole nicely on another part of the slate.

When all was finished, Charles was surprised to find that he still had plenty of time to reach school before nine o'clock.

"Now, to-morrow, Charlie," said Helen, "be sure to do your hard work first and don't get angry with your slate because it won't help you."

As Charles ran to school, he thought to himself; "Well, I suppose I was wrong both ways. I ought not to have spent all my time in drawing pictures, which is easy and pleasant; and I ought to have done my best with those problems, which seem so hard for me to understand. After this I shall do my hardest work first, and then I can enjoy my play."

Hĕav'en dew-pĕarled' snāil hĭll'sīde

GOOD MORNING.

The year's at the spring,
  And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
  The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
  The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his Heaven —
  All's right with the world.

— Robert Browning.

păt'ter beaū'tĭ fȳ rĭp'ple breeze
glĭm'mer twĭn'kle chant dāiş'ieş

NATURE'S VOICES.

"I shine," says the sun,
"To give the world light."

"I glimmer," adds the moon,
"To beautify the night."

"I ripple," says the brook;
"I whisper," sighs the breeze.

"I patter," laughs the rain;
"We rustle," call the trees.

"We dance," nod the daisies;
"I twinkle," shines the star.

"We sing," chant the birds;
"How happy we all are!"

"I smile," cries the child,
Gentle, good, and gay —
The sweetest thing of all,
The sunshine of each day.

— Louisa M. Alcott.

Gentle, Good, and Gay.

drŭg′	wōrn	pōur	plĕaṣ′ant ly
pur′ple	cŏl′ored	plāin	Rŏṣ′a mŏnd
pēr hăps′	yoūr sĕlf′	wŏrse	ĕv′er y thĭng

THE PURPLE JAR.

I.

Rosamond was a little girl about seven years old.

One day she was walking on the street with her mother. As she went along, she looked at the pretty things that were in the store windows.

They passed a toy shop, and she said, "Oh, mother! how happy I would be if I had all those toys!"

"What," said her mother, "would you like to have all of them?"

"Yes, mother, all of them."

It was so with many other windows. Rosamond wanted to have all that she saw.

At last they came to a window which seemed to her far more beautiful than any other. It was the window of a drug store, but Rosamond did not know it.

"Oh, mother!" she cried. "See there! Blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Do you see those beautiful jars? I wish you would buy one of them for me."

But her mother said, "Of what use would it be to you?"

"I could put flowers in it," said Rosamond.

"But you have a flower pot," said her mother, "and perhaps if you had this purple jar, you would not like it."

"Yes, I would," said Rosamond; and she kept looking at the purple jar.

"But perhaps, mother, you have no money."

"I have a little money," said her mother.

"Well, if I had money, I would buy roses, and balls, and hoops, and purple flower pots, and many other pretty things."

Her mother did not say anything, and they went on.

II.

Soon Rosamond said: "Oh, mother, please stop a minute. There is a stone in my shoe."

"How came there a stone in your shoe?"

"Why, mother, there is a hole in my shoe. My shoes are quite worn out. I wish you would buy me a new pair."

"But, Rosamond," said her mother, "I have not money enough to buy you shoes, and purple flower pots, and hoops, and balls, and everything else."

In a little while they came to another window.

"There, there, mother!" said Rosamond. "There is a shoe store! You know that I need shoes very much."

"So you do," said her mother.

They went into the store.

Rosamond looked around. "Oh, there is a pair of shoes that will just fit me," she said.

"Perhaps so," said her mother. "But you cannot tell until you have tried them

on. It is so, too, with the purple jar: you cannot be quite sure you would like it, even if you had it in your hands."

"I know I am not sure about the shoes," said Rosamond; "but I would like the purple jar."

"Which would you rather have?" said her mother. "Which would you rather have, the shoes or the jar? I will buy either for you."

"Oh, mother, if you would only buy both!"

"No, Rosamond, I will not buy both."

"Well, then, I think I would rather have the purple jar."

"But I must tell you that if I buy the jar I cannot give you a pair of shoes this month."

"That is a long time," said Rosamond. "But, then, I think I can wait. Don't you think I can, mother?"

"I want you to think for yourself, Rosamond," said her mother.

"Well, then," said the little girl, "I will take the purple flower pot, and wait for the shoes."

"Very well," said her mother. "Let us go back and buy the jar."

III.

Rosamond was much pleased when she heard her mother ask the man in the drug store to send home the purple jar.

As soon as they reached home, she ran into the garden to pick all the flowers she could find.

"I am afraid they will fade before the flower pot comes," said her mother.

"I hope not, mother," she said. "It will be here quite soon, and I shall be so happy putting the flowers into it."

At last the man came with the jar.

When it was put on the table, Rosamond ran to it with joy.

"But, mother," she said, as soon as she had taken off the top, "there is something dark in the jar. "What is it? I didn't want this black stuff!"

"Nor did I," said her mother.

"What is it? What shall I do with it?"

"It is colored water," said her mother; "and before you can put your flowers into the jar, you will have to pour it out and fill the jar with clear water."

Rosamond poured it out. But now the jar was no longer purple. It was plain glass, like other jars.

The little girl was in great trouble.

"Mother," she said, "I will give you back the jar and that purple stuff and all if you will only buy me the shoes."

But her mother said, "I cannot do that. The best thing that you can do is to bear it all pleasantly, for this time you have had your own way."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond; and she began very slowly to fill the jar with flowers.

Every day her shoes became worse and worse. She could not run, she could not jump; it was all that she could do to walk. It was a month before she could have new ones.

"I am sure," she said to herself — "no, I am not quite sure, but I hope that I shall be wiser after this."

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seeds	êre	lăp'fụl	rōad'sīde
reeds	deeds	hănd'fụl	chīld'ho͝od
mēads	bow'ers	sc̆ăt'ter	sprĭng'tīme
speeds	show'ers	blŏs'soms	ĕv'er y̆ whêre

A SONG.

Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds,
And gather in summer a lapful of flowers.
This is the song of the birds in the bowers,
This is the song of the wind in the reeds.

Down by the roadside and over the meads,
Under the sunshine and under the showers,

Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds,
And gather in summer a lapful of flowers.

Scatter in childhood kind words and deeds,
Scatter them everywhere through all the hours;
Whether sky brightens or whether cloud lowers,
Their blossoms shall come to thee ere summer speeds.
Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds,
And gather in summer a lapful of flowers.

---

rĕnt	ōver to͝ok′	wĭd′ow	trŭdġed
peel	thôught′fụl	sŭp pōrt′	ŏr′anġe
lāme	ŏe ēā′s̱ions̱	ŏf′fered	lā′bors̱

DOING A KINDNESS.

One day, as two little boys were walking along the road, they overtook a woman carrying a large basket of apples.

The boys thought the woman looked very pale and tired, and they said: "Are you going to town? If you are, we will carry your basket."

"Thank you," answered the woman, "you

are very kind: you see I am weak and ill." Then she told them that she was a widow, and had a lame son to support.

She lived in a cottage three miles away, and was now going to market to sell the apples which grew on the only tree in her little garden.

"We are going the same way you are," said the boys. "Let us have the basket;" and they took hold of it, one on each side, and trudged along with merry hearts.

The poor widow looked glad, and said that she hoped their mother would not be angry with them. "Oh, no," they answered; "our

mother tells us to be kind to everybody, and to be useful in any way that we can."

She then offered to give them a few of the ripest apples for their trouble. "No, thank you," said they; "we do not want any pay for what we have done."

When the widow got home, she told her lame son what had happened on the road, and they were both made happier that day by the kindness of the two boys.

The other day, I saw a little girl stop and pick up a piece of orange peel, which she threw far out into the street. "I wish the boys would not throw orange peel on the sidewalk," said she. "Some one may step upon it, and fall."

"That is right, my dear," I said. "It is a little thing for you to do what you have done, but it shows that you have a thoughtful mind and a kind heart."

Perhaps some may say that these are *little* things. So they are; but we must not wait for occasions to do great things. We must begin with little labors of love.

O hī′o	trŭn̲k	săd′ness	mount′ed
săn̲k	fôught	çīr′cled	fĭsh′hạwk
ĕdġe	flāmes̲	brōōd	prĕs̲′ent ly

THE FISHHAWK.

When my mother was a little girl, she lived in Ohio near a river. One bright May morning she mounted her horse and started to take a ride with her father.

They soon came to the edge of some woods, and presently they saw a cloud of smoke rising above the trees. The woods were on fire.

They stopped to watch the fire. "What cry is that?" said my mother. It was the scream of a fishhawk that was flying above them. She seemed to be in trouble.

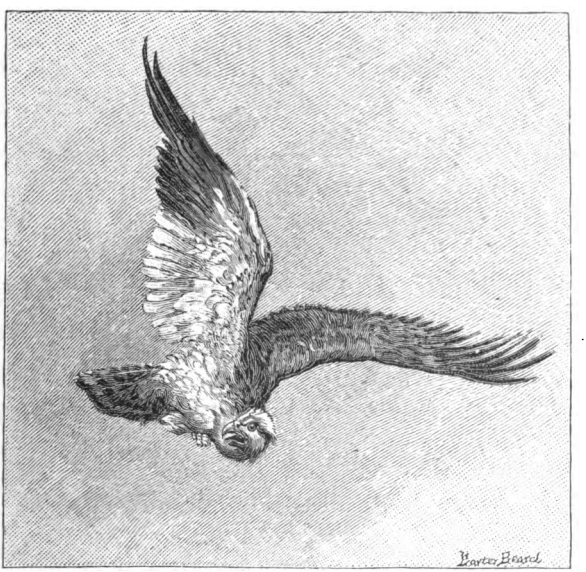
Near them was an old oak, the dead trunk of which was covered with vines. Among the highest boughs was a nest.

The fishhawk flew round and round the nest. Her little ones were there, and she knew they were in danger.

The flames came nearer and nearer to the old oak; soon the vines were on fire, and the

flames reached the sticks and small twigs of which the nest was made.

Then the fishhawk flew to the nest, and with her bill pulled out the blazing bits of wood. She fought the fire with all her might,



but at last saw that she could not save her little ones.

She then rose in the air and circled round and round awhile, then sank slowly down upon her nest and covered her brood with her wings.

So strong was this bird's love for her young ones that she died with them.

My mother and her father rode away; but the joy of that bright May morning was turned to sadness.

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dū'tў	tȧsk	brāve'lў	roŭgh
sẽrve	swẽrve	e noŭgh'	smo͞oth

DO YOUR DUTY.

Do your duty, little man;
That's the way.
There's some duty in the plan
Of every day.

Every day has some new task
For your hand;
Do it bravely, — that's the way
That life's made grand.

Do your duty; never swerve,
Through smooth or rough,
Until God, whom all do serve,
Says, "It's enough."

ĕch′ō	dŭnçe	an′y bŏd′y	Bī′ble
wräth	ŭg′lў	hĭd′den	loud′lў
a gainst′	frĕt′fụl	mŏck′ing	sounds
tûrn′eth	tōnes	ŏf fĕnd′ed	clīmes
rhўmes	brĕast	chĕr′ĭshed	ăn′grĭ lў

THE ECHO.

As Robert was playing in the woods one day he happened to cry out, "Ho, ho, ho!" He was surprised to hear coming back from a hill near by the same words, "Ho, ho, ho!"

He thought that some boy was hidden among the trees and was mocking him, and he called out, "Who are you?" Upon this the same words came back, "Who are you?"

Robert answered, "You know who I am!" And the words, "Who I am!" came back from the hill.

This made Robert very angry, and he shouted, "You are a dunce!" The voice quickly answered, "a dunce!"

Who could it be that was mocking him in this way? Robert ran toward the hill from which the sounds came, calling loudly as he

ran. But soon no answer came back to him. He climbed the hill and looked among the trees and bushes, but he could not find anybody. He could hear nothing but the singing of the birds among the leaves and branches above him.

When he went home he told his mother that some boy had hidden himself in the woods and called him ugly names.

"Tell me all about it," said his mother. And Robert told her the whole story.

"Robert," said his mother, "you were

angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

"Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert.

"Did you never hear an echo?" asked his mother.

"An echo? No, mother, what is it?"

"I will tell you," said his mother. "You know when you play with your ball, and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you."

"Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it in my hands."

"Well," said his mother, "sometimes when you are in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large building, and speak very loudly, your voice bounds back, so that you can hear again the very words which you speak.

"That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.

"The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had

spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply. Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own.

"The Bible says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Remember this when you are at play with your schoolmates.

"If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

"When you find your little brother fretful and cross, speak kindly to him. You will soon see a smile on his face, and find that his tones will become pleasant, too.

"Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, remember, —

"Kind words can never die.
Cherished and blessed,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast.
Like songs and simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times, —
Yes, in all years and climes,
Both far and near, —
Kind words do never die."

flood	mĕant	hŏn′ēst	tûrn′ips
tīde	răp′ĭd	cälm′ly	rē′çent
gāzed	pīned	săd′lў	pā′tience

THE COUNTRY LAD AND THE RIVER.

A country lad, with honest air,
  Stood by the river side;
He put his basket calmly down,
  And gazed upon the tide.

Across the river's rapid flood,
  He saw the village, well,
'Twas where he meant to see his aunt,
  And there his turnips sell.

The stream was full from recent rains,
And flowed so swiftly by,
He thought he would with patience wait,
And it would soon be dry.

For many hours he waited there,
But still the stream flowed on:
And when he sadly turned away,
The summer day was gone.

His turnips might have gone to seed,
His aunt have pined away;
For still the stream kept flowing on;
Nor has it stopped to-day.

THE WIND.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ēar̤s	sŭc çĕss′	cŏm păn′ions
hăb′ĭt	bus̤′i ness	bȧs′kĕt fu̯l
stŭck	ĕm ploy′er̤s	pärt′ner shĭp
pär′ty	fĭn′ĭshed	re mĕm′bered

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls from our school was going into the country to pick berries. I got my basket, and was going out of the gate, when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand, and said very kindly to me, "Harry, my boy, what are you going for — to pick berries, or to play?"

"To pick berries," I answered.

"Then, Harry," said he, "I want to tell you one thing. It is this: when you find a good bush, don't leave it to try to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking one or two berries here, and one or two there, and getting very few in the end. If you do as they do, you will come back with an almost empty basket. If you want to get berries, *stick to your bush!*"

I went with the party, and we had a fine time; but it was just as my father had said. No sooner had one of the boys found a good bush than he called to his companions, and they would leave their places and run off to see what he had found.

But I remembered my father's words, and I stuck to my bush. When I had done with one I went to another, and finished that; and then I took another. When night came, I had a large basketful of nice berries, more

than all the others put together; and I was not half so tired as they were.

I went home very happy that night, and when father looked at my basketful of ripe berries, he said, "Well done, Harry! You see it was just as I told you. It is always best to stick to your bush."

Not long after that, my father died, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could. But I never forgot the lesson taught me by that day's berry picking. I always *stuck to my bush.*

When I had a good place and was getting on well, I was not willing to leave it and spend days or weeks in trying to find a better place. When other young men said, "Come with us, and we will find you something better to do," I shook my head, and *stuck to my bush.*

After a while my employers took me into partnership with them in their business. The habit of sticking to my business led to my success. I owe all I have to the lesson my father taught me when he said, "Stick to your bush."

fōlks	ăsh'eş	plŭck'ў	Sąun'derş
clĕrk	wāġ'eş	ăd vȧnçe'	ăc cŭs'tomed
weight	Bŏs'ton	coun'ter	pŏck'et bo͝ok
strāight	quąr'ter	grāve'lў	ăp pēal'ing

A PLUCKY BOY.

A little boy came into a store and marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant, "what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, may I do some work for you?"

The merchant looked down on Robert's appealing face, and into his bright blue eyes. He was not accustomed to talk with boys, and Robert was not seven years old yet, and was small for a boy of that age.

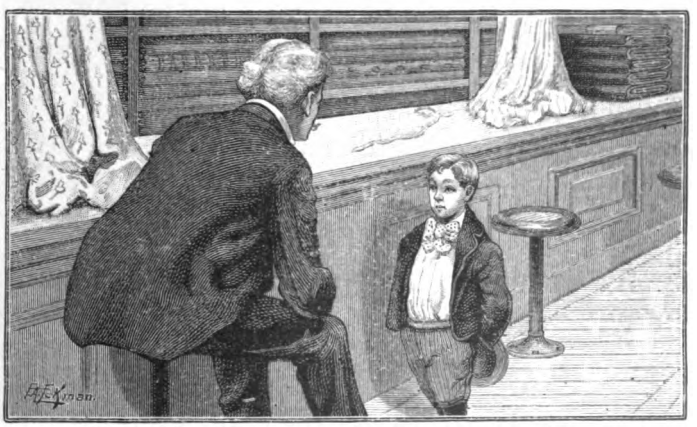
"You want to do some work for me, do you?" asked the merchant, kindly. "I like boys that want to work; but what kind of work can you do, my little man? Why, you are not tall enough to look over the counter."

"I am growing, please, sir, growing very fast; there, see if I can not look over the

counter!" said the boy, standing on his toes.

The merchant tried to look over the counter at the boy's feet. He could not see the little toes. Then he went round the counter, and came to where the boy was standing.

"I will get nearer to you," said he, gravely,



"that I may see how you look and how large you are." And he looked at Robert for a long time.

"I am older than I look, sir," said the little fellow. "Folks say I am very small for a boy of my age."

"How old are you?" asked the merchant.

"I am almost seven," said Robert. "My mother has nobody but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocketbook.

"She thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have—not—had—any—breakfast, sir."

The merchant looked kindly at the boy. "I can help you to a breakfast, my little man," said he, feeling in his pocket. "There, will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was the answer.

"Where is your father?" asked the merchant.

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost on the *City of Boston.*"

"Ah! that is bad. But you are a plucky fellow if you are small. Let me see," and he looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his.

"Saunders," said he to a clerk, "is that cash boy still sick?"

"He is dead, sir; died last night," was the answer in a low tone.

"Ah, I am sorry to hear that. Well, here is a boy that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, — he put his pen behind his ear, — then he glanced at both Robert and the merchant.

"Oh, I understand," said the merchant; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like him. What did the other boy get?"

"Three dollars a week, sir," said the clerk.

"Put this boy down at four," said the merchant.

"There, my lad, give Mr. Saunders your name and run home. Tell your mother that you have a place at four dollars a week. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week's wages."

"Work, sir — work all the time?"

"Yes, as long as you deserve it, my man."

If ever broken stairs trembled under the weight of a small boy, those in Robert's poor home did so that morning.

"I've got it, mother. I'm a cash boy! Four dollars a week! And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again."

blā̇deş	steer	drĭft′ed	ĕăt′tle
shā′dў	dŭmb	wȯn′der fụl	chānġ′ing

THE SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

What does it mean when the bluebird comes
And builds its nest, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep among blades of grass? —
These are the signs that Spring is here.

What does it mean when berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit and honey bees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees? —
These are the signs that Summer has come.

What does it mean when the crickets chirp,
And away to the south the robins steer?
When apples are falling and leaves grow brown? —
These are the signs that Autumn is here.

What does it mean when days are short?
When leaves are gone and brooks are dumb?
When fields are white with drifted snow? —
These are the signs that Winter has come.

The old stars set and the new ones rise,
The skies that were stormy grow bright and clear;
And so the beautiful, wonderful signs
Go round and round with the changing year.

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fo͞ol′ĭsh	a greē′	tīght′lў	ō ver ėome′
bŭn′dle	bĕnd	ēaṣ′ĭ lў	màs′tered

THE SEVEN SONS.

A farmer had seven sons who could never agree among themselves. He had often told them how foolish they were to be always quarreling, but they kept on and gave no heed to his words.

One day he called them before him, and showed them a bundle of sticks tied tightly together.

"See which one of you can break this bundle," he said.

Each one took the bundle in his hands, and tried his best to break it; but it was so strong that they could not even bend it. At

last they gave it back to their father, and said : —

" We cannot break it."

Then he untied the bundle and gave a single stick to each of his sons.

" Now see what you can do," he said.

Each one broke his stick with great ease.

" My sons," said the farmer, " you may learn a lesson from these sticks. If you will only stand together, you will be strong and hard to overcome ; but if each one stands by himself, he will be weak and easily mastered."

fā′mous	păr′rot	shȳ	frĭsk
Rŏb′ĭn son	drĭv′en	kĭdṣ	pĕrch
Crụ′sōe	wrĕcked	Pŏll	dīned

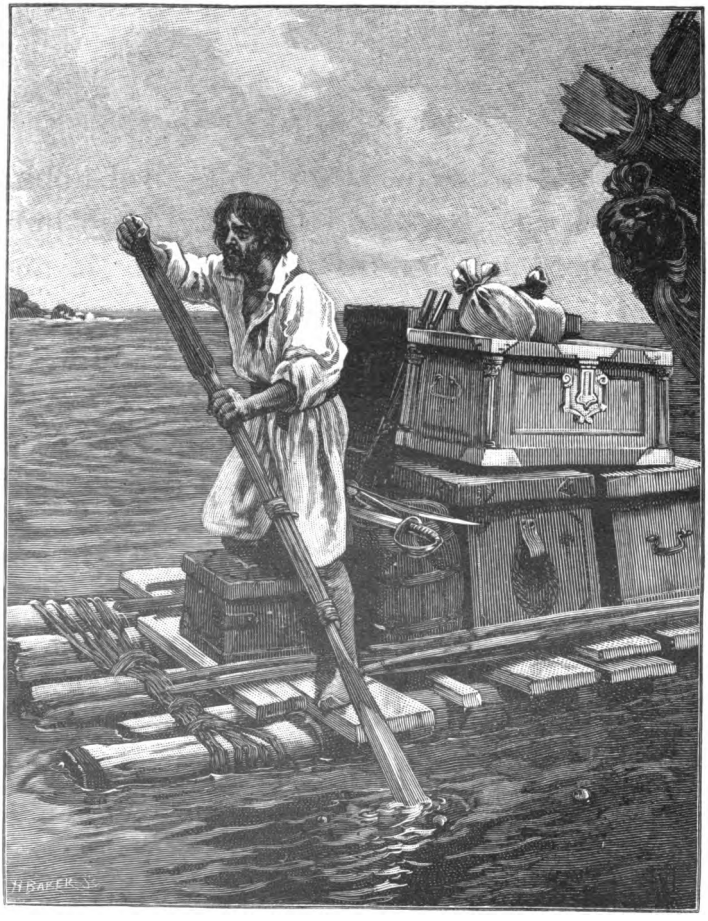
A FAMOUS STORY BOOK.

There is a famous story book called Robinson Crusoe. It was written nearly two hundred years ago, but people still buy it and read it and think that it is one of the greatest story books in the world. When you are a little older you may read it yourself.

Robinson Crusoe was a sailor. Once the ship in which he was sailing was wrecked in a storm. It was driven upon a rock near an island, and all the people that were on it, except Crusoe, were drowned.

Crusoe swam to the shore. After the storm was over he swam back to the wreck. There he made a raft, and on it he brought many things to the shore. These things would be of use to him.

He had no one to speak to, — no one to care for him when he was sick, — no one to love. How very sad he must have been!



Robinson Crusoe on his Raft.

Yet he was not quite alone. It is true, he had no friends of his own kind; but he made friends with some animals, and soon he had a fine little family of pets around him.

First, I must tell you that in the ship which was wrecked there were two cats and a dog. When Crusoe was saved he carried both the cats with him, and the dog swam after him to the island.

The cats were good pets, and the dog was a real companion. He understood nearly everything Crusoe said to him, and would go and bring anything his master called for.

After a while Crusoe found that there were goats on the island. He tried to catch some of them; but they were wild goats, and were very shy and swift of foot.

At last he caught two goats and three kids, and by and by he had a great flock of tame goats and kids. The goats gave him all the milk he needed, and from their milk he made plenty of butter and cheese.

One day Crusoe caught a young parrot in the woods. He took it to his hut, and began

to teach it to speak. After a while Poll could say a great many things.

Poll would perch on Crusoe's finger, lay his bill close to his master's face, and cry: "Robin! Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? where are you? Poor Robin Crusoe!"

Crusoe's little family — the dog and Poll and the cats — sat at table and dined with him.

The dog sat at his feet. The two cats sat, one on this side of the table, and one on that. Poll, the parrot, sat on his shoulder. Crusoe fed them, each in its turn.

Don't you think that this was a happy family? And was not Crusoe wise to make such friends?

The cats would purr to him. The dog would frisk around him and bark with joy. The parrot would say, "Poor Robinson Crusoe! Cheer up, poor Robinson Crusoe!"

With such pets as these, Crusoe could not be very lonely. He had found something to love.

stāid	pȧs′tūre	sĕlf′ĭsh	lȯv′a ble
lŭnch	chās′ing	cȯv′er	stĕad′ĭ lў
thīrdş	fȧs′tened	ĕn joy′	plĕn′tĭ fụl
be sīde′	fāith′fụl	tĕr′ror	New found′land

ROVER.

"Mother," said Lucy Green, one summer morning, "may I go to the woods, and pick berries?"

"Yes," my dear," answered Mrs. Green; "but you must take Rover with you."

Lucy brought her little basket, and her mother put up a good lunch for her. She tied down the cover, and fastened a tin cup to it.

The little girl called Rover — a great Newfoundland dog — and gave him a tin pail to carry. "If I bring it home full, mother," she said, "won't you make some berry cakes for tea?"

Away she ran, singing as she went down the lane and across the pasture. When she got to the woods she put her dinner basket down beside a tree, and began to pick berries.

Rover ran about, chasing a squirrel or a rabbit now and then, but never straying far from Lucy.

The tin pail was not a very small one. By the time it was two thirds full, Lucy began to feel hungry, and thought she would eat her lunch.

Rover came and took his place at her side as soon as she began to eat. Did she give him some of the lunch? No, she felt very selfish that morning, and did no such thing.

"There, Rover, run away! there's a good dog," she said. But Rover staid near her, watching her steadily with his clear brown eyes.

The meat he wanted so much was soon eaten up; and all he got of the good dinner was a small crust of bread that Lucy threw away.

After dinner, Lucy played a while by the brook. She threw sticks into the water, and Rover swam in and brought them back. Then she began to pick berries again.

The sunshine was as bright, the berries were as sweet and plentiful, and she was neither tired nor hungry. But she did not enjoy the afternoon as she did the morning.

Good, faithful Rover was hungry, and she had not given him even one piece of meat. She tried to forget how selfish she had been; but she could not do so, and quite early she started for home.

When she was nearly out of the woods, she heard something rustle among the bushes, and stopped to see what it was. "I wonder if that is a bird or a squirrel," she said to herself. "If I can catch it, how glad I shall be!"

She tried to make her way quietly through

the bushes; but what was her terror when she saw a large snake coiled up before her, and ready to spring!

She was so much frightened that she could not move; but brave Rover saw the snake, and, springing forward, seized it by the neck and killed it.

When the faithful dog came and put his head against her hand, Lucy burst into tears. "Rover," she cried, "you dear, good dog! How sorry I am that I was so selfish!"

Rover understood the tone of her voice, if he did not understand her words, and ran joyfully around her, barking all the time. You may be sure that he had a plentiful supper that evening.

Lucy never forgot the lesson of that day. She was no longer selfish and soon became a happier and more lovable little girl.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE.

Prŭs'sĭȧ	wĕl'cȯme	fēared	chīld'ĭsh
kĭng'dom	pȧth'wāy	lā'dў	coŭr'ȧge
vĕġ'e ta ble	greāt'lў	grȧnt	wõrth'ў
a gree'a ble	mĭn'e ral	deep'lў	greāt'lў

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

King Frederic of Prussia, when traveling through his kingdom, came one day to a pretty village where he was to stay a little while.

The people of the village were greatly pleased to have a visit from their king, and had done many things to make his stay pleasant and agreeable.

The school children sang songs of welcome, and threw flowers in his pathway.

The king visited the school and was pleased to see how well the children knew their lessons.

After a time he turned to the teacher, and said he would like to ask the children a few questions.

On a table near by, stood a large dish of oranges.

The king took up one of the oranges, and

said, "To what kingdom does this belong, children?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," answered one of the little girls.

"And to what kingdom does this belong?" said he, as he took from his pocket a piece of gold money.

"To the mineral kingdom," she answered.

"And to what kingdom, then, do I belong, my child?" he asked, thinking, of course, she would answer, "To the animal kingdom."

The little girl did not know what answer to make. She feared it would not seem just right to say to a king that he belonged to the animal kingdom.

"Well," said the good king, "can you not answer that question, my little lady?"

The kind words and gentle look of the king gave the little girl courage to speak the thought that was in her mind. She trembled a little as she stood before him, but, looking up into his face, she answered, "I think, sir, to the kingdom of Heaven."

The king placed his hand upon her head. A tear stood in his eye. He was deeply moved by her childish words, and said, "God grant that I may be found worthy of that kingdom!"

çēil'ing	fôr'ward	whĭrr'ing
băck'ward	pĕn'dū lŭm	hīde-and-seek

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK.

It stands in the corner of grandmother's room;
It reaches from ceiling to floor;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long —
"Tick-tock," and nothing more.

Backward and forward, this way and that,
You can see the bright pendulum rock;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long—
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!"

The clock never sleeps, and its hands never rest,
As they slowly go moving around;
And it strikes the hours with a ding, ding, ding,
Ding, ding, and a whirring sound.

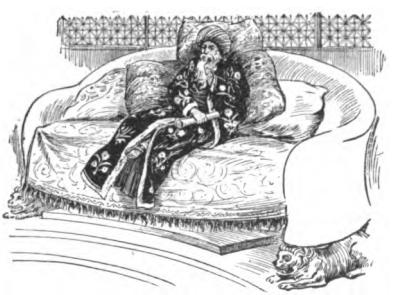
I wonder if this is the same old clock
That the mouse crept into one night,
And played hide-and-seek till the clock struck one,
And then ran away in a fright.

Backward and forward, this way and that,
You can see the bright pendulum rock;
"Tick-tock," it keeps saying the whole day long—
"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!"

rĭs'en	fā'vor ĭte	tēa‡ed	sē'cret
heīght	quȧn'ti ty	plăn‡ks	clĕv'er
ēast'ern	grăt'ĭ tūde	măt'ter	sĭl'ver
ĕx ăct'	de lĭv'er ançe	ex pĕnse'	vowed
bēard‡	thôught'fụl	ma çhïne'	ĕmp'tў

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT.

"An Eastern king," said Robert's mother, "had been saved from some great danger. To show his gratitude for deliverance, he vowed he would give to the poor the weight of his favorite elephant in silver."



The King.

"Oh! what a great quantity that would be," cried Rose, opening her eyes very wide.

"But how *could* you weigh an elephant?" asked Robert, who was a quiet, thoughtful boy.

"That was just the trouble," said his mother. "The wise and learned men in the

kingdom stroked their long beards, and talked the matter over, but no one found out how to weigh the elephant.

"At last, a poor old sailor came forward and told the king how it could be done very easily. Thousands and thousands of pieces of silver, the exact weight of the elephant, were counted out to the people; and great numbers of the poor were made happy by the clever thought of the sailor."

"Oh, mother," said Rose, "do tell us what it was!"

"Stop, stop!" said Robert. "I want to think for myself — think hard — and find out how an elephant's weight could be known, with little trouble and expense."

"I am well pleased," said his mother, "that my little boy should set his mind to work on such a question. If he can find out the sailor's secret before night, he shall have that orange for his pains."

The boy thought hard and long. Rose laughed at her brother's grave looks, as he sat with his head on his hands. Often she

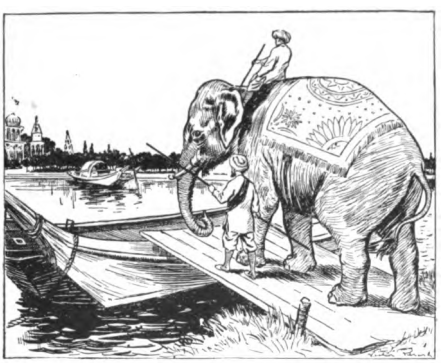
teased him with the question, "Can you weigh an elephant, Robert?"

At last, while eating his supper, Robert cried out, "I have it now!"

"Do you think so?" asked his mother.

"How would you do it?" asked Rose.

"First, I would have a very large boat brought close to the shore. Then I would have planks laid across, so that the elephant could walk right into it."



The Elephant.

"Oh, such a great, heavy beast would make it sink low in the water," said Rose.

"Of course it would," said her brother. "Then I would mark on the outside of the boat the height to which the water had risen all around it while the elephant was inside. Then he should march on shore, leaving the boat quite empty."

"But I don't see the use of all this," said Rose.

"Don't you?" cried Robert in surprise. "Why, I should then bring the pieces of silver, and throw them into the boat till their weight would sink it to the mark made by the elephant. That would show that the weight of each was the same."

The Sailor.

"How funny!" cried Rose; "you would make a weighing machine of the boat?"

"That is my plan," said Robert. "Don't you think it is a good one?"

"That was the sailor's plan," said his mother; "and the king thought that it was a good one. You have earned the orange, my boy;" and she gave it to him with a smile.

— *Adapted from* A. L. O. E.

scōld	wȯn	re pēat′	därk′nĕss
strīfe	vẽrse	be hāve′	fŏr gĭve′
deeds	lā′dў	a shāmed′	dĭs pŭte′

KIND HEARTS.

It was a warm day, and a warm dispute was going on in the garden between Lillie and her brother Victor. At first it was more than half in fun, but the quarrel grew and grew until their mother heard their angry voices. She went out to see what was the matter, and each wanted to tell her how it happened.

"No, I cannot hear your story now," she said. "You may both stay right here for half an hour without speaking a word. I will come back soon and bring you something which you may learn by heart and say to me at the end of the half hour."

Lillie and Victor said nothing. At the end of the half hour they were ready to repeat the verse which their mother had given them to learn. They felt very much ashamed, but she did not scold them. Her eye and voice

were as kind as ever, and she listened quietly to them as they spoke.

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;

Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Can there be any strife."

"And now, Lillie," said her mother, "you may tell your side of the story first, as you are the lady."

"Oh, mother," said Lillie, "I have no side to tell. I got angry at nothing, and I am sorry and ashamed."

"And you, Victor?"

"I only was to blame, mother," cried Victor. "If Lillie will forgive me, I will try to behave better after this."

And so the dispute was ended, and kind hearts won the day.

rō′s̱y tȯn̲gue rē joiçed′ hĕlp′fụl
fŏr gĕt′tĭng rē′al lў guĕssed cheer′fụl

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

---

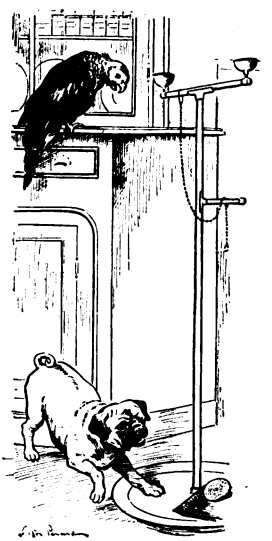
kēy	ăp pēar′	līve′lў	dâred	al lowed′
mĕss	heärt′y	ū′su al	snătch	ănx′ious
côugh	po tā′to	pĭt′e ous	dĭs līke′	pounçed
pĕrch	slў′lў	join′ing	mĭs tāke′	līve′lў

STORIES ABOUT PARROTS.

A green parrot, that was kept in our family for a long time, became so tame that she was allowed to go about the house as she

pleased. When hungry, Polly would call out: "Cook! cook! I want potato!"

She was very fond of potatoes, and if anything else was put in her pan, she would throw it out, and scream at the top of her voice: "Won't have it! Turn it out!"



The children who were then at home were all girls, and Polly had a great dislike for boys. One day some boys came on a visit, and, as boys will do, made a great noise. This was too much for Polly, who screamed out: "Sarah! Sarah! Here's a great mess of things!"

Polly was very fond of mother, and always waited to see her come down to the breakfast table. If she did not appear before the meal was begun, Polly would say in the most piteous tones: "Where's dear mother? Is not dear mother well?"

Another parrot that I knew had learned

to sing "Buy a Broom," just like a child. If she made a mistake, she would cry out: "Oh, there!" and begin again on another key.

This parrot laughed in such a hearty way that no one could help joining her; and then she would cry out: "Don't make me laugh! I shall die! I shall die!"

Sometimes she would cry; and if any one said, "Poor Poll, what is the matter?" she would answer: "So bad! so bad! Got a bad cold!"

If something vexed her, she would begin to cry; if she was pleased, she would laugh. If she heard any one cough, she would ask in an anxious tone: "Got a bad cold? Got a bad cold?"

A little boy owned a green parrot that was called Dick. In the same house there was a pug dog that was very snappish and cross. The little boy was afraid of Pug, and Dick seemed to know it. The dog and the bird were by no means good friends.

Pug had a trick of creeping slyly up to Dick's perch and snatching the cake which

the bird had laid by for his supper. As soon as Dick missed the cake, he would scold at a great rate, but the dog, being out of his reach, did not care for that.

One day Dick hid himself on top of the cupboard and watched. Mr. Pug came creeping up as usual to snatch the cake; but the cunning bird pounced down upon him and made things so lively for a minute that he never went near the perch again.

---

toŭgh	chēat′ing	bōld′lў	de mĕr′ĭts
stŏck	trŭst′ing	clēar′lў	ŭn de s̱ērved′
fāiled	strĭct′er	re pōrts′	de s̱ĕrv′ing

HONESTY IS BEST.

For four or five weeks Lewis had been bringing home very poor reports of his work at school. He had failed, day after day, in spelling. How he did wish that a word could always be spelled the way it sounded! Then, instead of writing the word *tough* with five letters, he might write it with three, thus: *tuf*. But his teacher only grew stricter and stricter

every day, and his stock of demerits kept growing larger all the time.

"It is too bad!" said his mother, as she looked over his reports.

"This will not do!" said his father. "No more pocket money, sir, until you can show something better than that!"

Lewis began to feel as if all the world had turned against him.

One day, when he had almost made up his mind that he could never spell, he did what I am ashamed to tell you about. He opened his book and peeped into it behind the desk lid. Were there two *l*'s? Did *i* come first, or *e?* He saw the letters clearly, and when the teacher called upon him, he spelled the word boldly.

"Right!" said the trusting teacher, with a smile which went straight to the boy's heart. Oh, how ashamed he was! and how very small he felt when he thought that he had kept his place without deserving to do so!

He was not happy when he went home that night. He did not want to go out and play.

He had been far happier with a black mark against his name than he was now with the undeserved word of praise sounding in his ears; for then he had at least been honest, and had not failed in doing his duty.

That evening he told me the whole story, and ended by saying: "It has taught me a lesson, dear aunt. All fair, and no cheating, for me, after this. I would rather fail in my spelling, and be punished, than feel as I have felt to-day."

Ăr'ab	çĕr'tain lў	re s̱ĭst'	ĭn vīt'ed
ē'vil	fōre feet'	whōl'ly	cȯm'fort a ble
chĭll'ў	shĭv'ered	with ĭn'	e͡ŏn tĕnt'

THE ARAB AND HIS CAMEL.

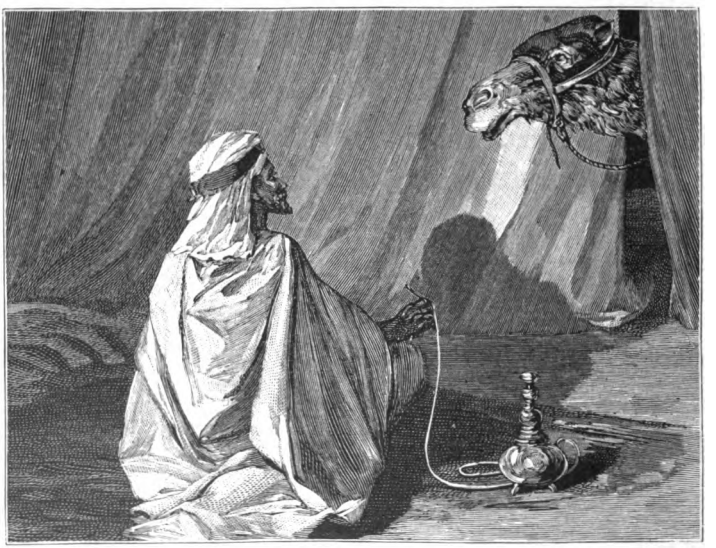
One night an Arab was sitting in his tent while his camel stood just outside. The wind was raw and chilly, and the camel shivered with the cold.

By and by the camel put his head gently in at the door, and said, "I pray thee, master,

let me put my head within the tent, for the air is cold out here."

"Certainly," said the Arab, very kindly; and the camel pushed his head into the tent.

"This is very comfortable for my head,"



said the camel; "but I would feel much better if I might warm my neck also."

"You may do so," said his master.

The camel looked around the tent, and then said, "It would take but little more room if I might place my fore feet within the tent."

"Certainly," said the Arab; "you may step forward and put your fore legs inside of the tent;" and, since the tent was very small, he moved a little to make room.

The camel was content for a little while, and then he said: "Do you not see, my master, that when I stand thus, I keep the tent door open? Would it not be better if I should come wholly inside?"

"Yes, yes," said the Arab. "I will have pity on you this cold night. Come in, and stand inside of the tent."

The camel, being thus invited, pushed forward through the door; but the tent was too small to hold both man and beast.

"Don't you see," said the camel, "that there is not room in here for both of us? As you are the smaller you had better stand outside, and then there will be room enough for me." And with that he pushed the Arab out into the cold and darkness.

There is a lesson to be learned from this story. It is this: Resist evil at the beginning, lest it overcome you in the end.

brōōdṣ	**blŭsh**	**tŭcked**	**re māin′**
brĭn̲k	flīght	tĕn′der	e᷈v′ered
wĭn̲k	crowdṣ	plūmed	pā′tient lў
down′ў	sound′lў	wīṣe′lў	mōōn′shīn y

THE LITTLE DOVES.

High on the top of an old pine tree
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three.
Warm over them is her soft, downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,

And they sing to each other with all their might.
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother far for their dinner has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never pushes nor crowds another;
Each opens wide his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill.
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Wisely the mother begins by and by,
To teach her young ones how to fly,
Just for a little way over the brink,
Then back to the nest as quick as a wink.

And "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
All in their nest on the old pine tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at last draws nigh,
The time when they all must say "Good-by."
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says
she,
And away they fly from the old pine tree.

Scŏt'lănd	Brụ̣çe	swŭng	fȧst'en
Eng'lănd	băt'tle	lo̱se	ŭp'per
Eng'lĭsh	bēat'en	lōw'er	trī'al
sĕv'enth	rāi̱sed	bēam	de spâir'

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

Nearly six hundred years ago there was a king of Scotland whose name was Robert Bruce.

Those were very rude times. The king of England wanted to rule over Scotland, and he

led an army against Bruce. A great battle was fought, and Bruce was beaten.

But the English could not drive him away from his country. He raised another army.

Another battle was fought, and he was beaten again.

But still he did not lose heart. Six times did he lead his brave men against the English, and six times did the battle go against him.

At last he had to hide himself in the woods and among the mountains. Some of his men

were in one place, some in another. Many of his best friends had lost their lives. He was almost ready to give up in despair.

One day he was hiding in a little hut on the side of a mountain. He lay on the floor of the hut, and thought of the sad things that had happened to his country and to himself.

"It is of no use to try any longer," he said to himself.

Just then he saw a spider on one of the beams above him. It was making its web, and Bruce, having nothing else to do, lay still and watched it.

The spider was trying hard to fasten one of its threads to another beam a little lower down. It would have to do this before it could make a web that would be of use.

It swung itself down and tried to catch hold of the beam, but the wind carried it past, and it fell to the ground. Then there was no other way but to climb up again to the higher beam and try the same thing another time.

Bruce lay upon the floor of the hut, and

watched it try again and again. Six times it swung itself down and failed to reach the lower beam. Six times it climbed with great labor to the upper beam and made ready to try again.

"And I have failed six times, too," said Bruce.

But the seventh time the spider carried the thread straight down to the lower beam, fastened it there, and then it was easy enough to make the rest of the web.

"I will try the seventh time!" said Bruce.

He jumped to his feet. He went out of the hut and called his men together. He told them of his plans, and all were glad to make one more trial to set their country free.

A few days after that another battle was fought, and this time the English were beaten. It was not long until Bruce had driven them out of the land, and was the true king of Scotland again.

"It was the spider that did it," he said. "If it had not been for the spider, I should not have tried the seventh time."

Rŏl'lo	fīrm	wheel'bär row	tăl'lў
Jō'nas	frȯnt	wo͝o͝d'pīle	shȯv'el
chạlk	bōardṣ	quăg'mīre	ạl rĕad'ў

FILLING UP THE QUAGMIRE.

I.

One day Rollo's father said, "Boys, would you like to do some work for me?"

"Yes, sir, if it is not too hard work," said Rollo's cousin James.

"What do you want us to do?" said Rollo.

"I should like to have you fill up the quagmire," said his father.

"How shall we do that?"

"You may fill it up with stones. There are a great many small stones in the field. You can wheel them down there in your wheelbarrow. You can first fill up a path through it with stones and sand. If you will ask Jonas, he will tell you how to do it."

Jonas was going after the cows. The little boys ran after him to ask him. He was the big boy that worked on the farm.

He said, "I am afraid it will not do any good for me to tell you how to do it."

"Why?" asked James.

"Because little boys always want to do their work in their own way. Do you remember the woodpile, Rollo?"

Rollo hung his head.

"What was it about the woodpile?" asked James.

"I told Rollo," said Jonas, "to pile the wood with the big ends in front, but he thought it was better to have the big ends back out of sight. Before the pile was half built it fell down on him."

"But, Jonas," said the boys, "if you will tell us what to do, we will do it."

"Very well," said Jonas, "I will try you. In the first place, you must get a few boards and lay them along on the quagmire, so that you will not get your feet wet."

"We will do that," said Rollo.

"Then you must each get a load of stones. You must push your wheelbarrows, one behind the other, upon the boards until you come to the end. Then you must tip over both loads together. If you tip over a load

before you get to the end, it will be in the way of the next load. Then, face the other way, and draw your wheelbarrows out, for you will not have room to turn them.

"You must not try to pass each other, but let the one who goes in last come out first; and you must go in together, so as not to be in each other's way."

"All right, Jonas," said Rollo.

"Each time you will not have so far to go," said Jonas, "and at last you will have the mud covered with stones."

"Then shall we put on the sand?"

"Oh, no. These stones will sink in the mud. You must wheel on more stones."

"How can we?" said James. "We cannot wheel on top of all these stones."

"No," said Jonas; "but you must lay a long board on the stones. Then you can wheel on that. After you have thrown in the stones, I will tell you about the sand."

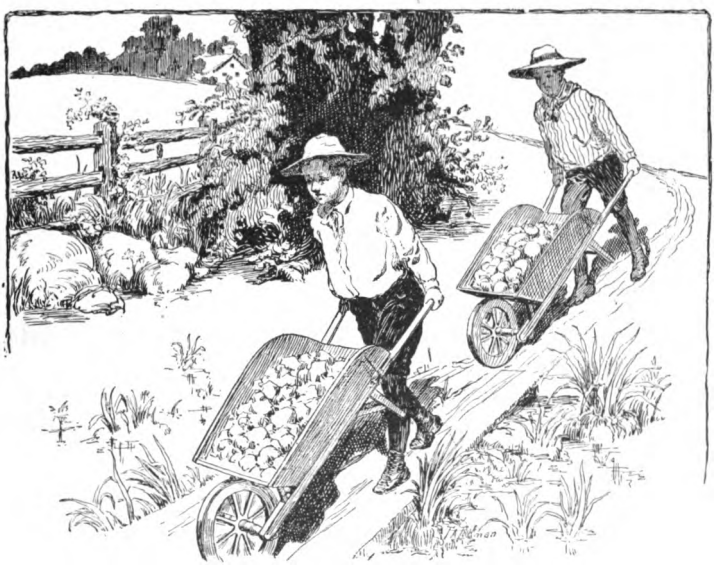
II.

The boys worked on the quagmire next day. They had very little trouble so long as

they did what Jonas told them to do. At last it was full of stones.

Jonas went down early to see them work. He told them he thought they were doing well.

"We have earned one cent already," said Rollo.



"Is your father going to pay you?" said Jonas.

"Yes," said Rollo, "a cent for every two loads."

"Then you must keep tally," said Jonas.

"Tally!" said Rollo, "what is tally?"

"How are you going to know how many loads you put in?" said Jonas.

"We will count them as we go.'

"That will never do. You must mark them down with a piece of chalk on your wheelbarrow. That is the way to keep tally."

So saying, Jonas took a piece of chalk from his pocket.

"How many loads have you brought down?" he asked Rollo.

"Two," said Rollo.

Jonas made two white marks on the side of Rollo's wheelbarrow.

"Mark mine," said James; "I have wheeled two loads."

Jonas marked them, and then laid the chalk down on a flat stone. He told the boys to stop after every load, and make a mark.

Later in the day, Jonas made each of them a little shovel. With this they shoveled sand into their wheelbarrows.

In three days the work was done. There was now a firm, hard road across the quagmire.

—Jacob Abbot (*Adapted*).

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hūe	hur rạh′	grănd
strīpes	how ĕv′er	mēan

HURRAH FOR THE FLAG.

There are many flags in many lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
  Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

We shall always love the stars and stripes,
  And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
  The Red, the White, and the Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag, our country's flag,
  Its stripes, and white stars, too!
There is no flag in any land
  Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

sew′ing	quī′et	bowed	pĭl′low
fōld′ed	wȧtched	prâyer	sŏft lў
smo͝othed	e͝u′rĭ ous	blēat	cûrt′sĭed
nŭm′ber	neighed	lōwed	fŏx′glo͝ve

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, — "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of crows came over her head,
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to bed,

She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning; our work is begun!"

— Lord Houghton.

sōul	shĕp'herd	pre pâr'est
mĕr'cy	pȧs'tūres	a noint'est
dĕath	prĕs'ence	ĕn'e mies
stȧff	cȯm'fōrt	rīght'eous ness

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for
thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the pres-
ence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup
runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
for ever.

swĭft'lў brēathed keen åf'ter wards

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

— H. W. Longfellow.

THE WAVES.

"Where are we to go?" said the little waves to the great, deep sea.

"Go, my darlings, to the yellow sands: you will find work to do there."

"I want to play," said one little wave; "I want to see who can jump the highest."

"No; come on, come on," said an earnest wave; "mother must be right. I want to work."

"Oh, I dare not go," said another; "look at those great, black rocks close to the sands; I dare not go there, for they will tear me to pieces."

"Take my hand, sister," said the earnest wave; "let us go on together. How glorious it is to do some work!"

"Shall we ever go back to mother?"

"Yes, when our work is done."

So one and all hurried on. Even the little wave that wanted to play, pressed on, and thought that work might be fun after all. The timid ones did not like to be left behind, and they became earnest as they got nearer the sands.

After all, it was fun, pressing on one after another — jumping, laughing, running on to the broad, shining sands.

First, they came in their course to a great

The Waves.

sand castle. Splash, splash! they all went over it, and down it came. "Oh, what fun!" they cried.

"Mother told me to bring these seaweeds; I will find a pretty place for them," said one — and she ran a long way over the sands, and left them among the pebbles. The pebbles cried, "We are glad you are come. We wanted washing."

"Mother sent these shells; I don't know where to put them," said a little fretful wave.

"Lay them one by one on the sand, and do not break them," said the eldest wave.

And the little one went about its work, and learned to be quiet and gentle, for fear of breaking the shells.

"Where is my work?" said a great, full-grown wave. "This is mere play. The little ones can do this and laugh over it. Mother said there was work for *me*." And he came down upon some large rocks.

Over the rocks and into a pool he went, and he heard the fishes say, "The sea is coming. Thank you, great sea; you always send

a big wave when a storm is nigh. Thank you, kind wave; we are all ready for you now."

Then the waves all went back over the wet sands, slowly and carelessly, for they were tired.

"All my shells are safe," said one.

And, "My seaweeds are left behind," said another.

"I washed all of the pebbles," said a third.

"And I — I only broke on a rock, and splashed into a pool," said the one that was so eager to work. "I have done no good, mother, — no work at all."

"Hush!" said the sea. And they heard a child that was walking on the shore say, "Oh, mother, the sea has been here! Look, how bright and clean the sand is, and how clear the water is in that pool!"

Then the sea said, "Hark!" and far away they heard the deep moaning of the coming storm.

"Come, my darlings," said she; "you have

done your work, now let the winds do their work." And then the storm began.

DEFINITIONS. — In defining words that meaning is given which is appropriate to them in the connection in which they are used. Prĕssed, *pushed, followed closely.* Tĭm'id, *wanting courage, not bold.* Frĕt'fŭl, *cross, peevish.* Eld'est, *first, foremost.* Mōan'ing, *making a low, dull sound, muttering.*

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

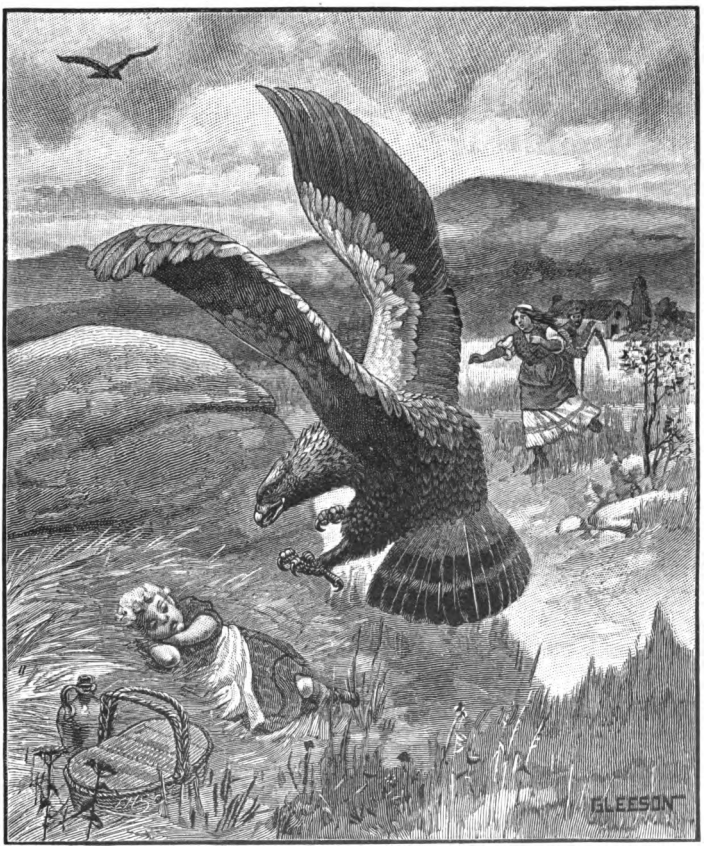
The eagle is one of the largest and strongest of the birds of prey. Its beak is sharp and strong, and its claws are curved and pointed so that it can seize and hold its prey.

Sometimes the eagle has been known to carry off even young children to its nest. Many years ago this very thing happened in the mountains of Scotland.

It was a pleasant day in summer, and men, women, and children were out in the meadows making hay. A little babe who was too small to do any work lay asleep in the shade of a great rock.

A golden eagle, who had his nest high up

on the mountain, saw the child; and while the haymakers were busy at the other end of



the field, he swooped down and seized her in his strong claws. The men in the meadow ran toward him, but he spread his great

wings and flew up to the top of the mountain, carrying the babe with him.

Some of the men and women tried to climb the steep mountain side; but there was no pathway, and they soon became tired and turned back.

The mother of the babe, however, did not turn back. She did not stop to think of the difficulties in her way. She knew that the eagle's nest was high above her, and she had no thought of anything but of reaching it and saving her child.

She climbed up steep rocks where no one had ever before dared to go. Her hands were scratched and torn with briers and thorns; her feet were bleeding, being cut by sharp rocks. Yet she did not think of any of these things, for her child was in the eagle's nest.

After some time she came to the nest, — a great pile of sticks on the top of a bare rock. Three young eagles were in the nest, and right among them lay the baby fast asleep! The old eagle had flown away again.

In haste the mother caught up her child,

and turned to go back down the mountain side. But going down was harder than climbing up. Often she slipped and almost fell down the steep places. There was no path, and she did not know which way to go to reach the meadow in safety.

Just then a sheep with her little lamb passed by. "The sheep knows which way to go," said the mother; "I will follow her."

So she took the sheep as her guide, and just as the sun went down behind the mountains, she stood, with her babe safe in her arms, among her glad, wondering friends in the meadow.

"Truly," said an old man who had seen it all, "truly, God was with her, to guide her up the steep mountain side and keep all harm out of her way."

And men, women, and children knelt down upon the new-mown hay and thanked God for his goodness.

DEFINITIONS. — Bird of prey, *a bird that devours other creatures for food.* Pointed, *sharpened.* Guīde, *one that shows the way.* Truly, *surely.*

THE CHICKADEE.

Do you know the little titmouse
In his brownish ashen coat,
With a cap so black and jaunty
And a black patch at his throat?

Yes, of course, we all know him; for he is the brave little chickadee that always has a word of cheer for us, even on the coldest winter day; and he is no more afraid of the ice and snow than we are.

His body is about five and a half inches in length, from the point of his short, black bill to the tip of his tail. He wears a black, jaunty cap upon his head; but from the base of his bill there is a narrow white band that runs all along the sides of his neck. His

wings are also edged with white, while his slender legs are of a light-blue color.

What an active, noisy little creature he is! His loud twitter is full of sharp notes, but it cannot well be called a song.

His mate wears a suit very much like his own, and she is quite as lively as he. In summer time, she builds a nest of grass and wool, and within it she lays six small white eggs, marked with specks of red.

This nest is commonly made in a hole on the branch or trunk of a tree. Sometimes the hole is one that a squirrel or some other animal has dug out and left; sometimes it is one that the brave chickadees have cut out for themselves, with their strong, sharp bills.

These birds like to flit about among the evergreen trees in winter, where they can pick up seeds or find sleeping insects under the loose bark. They are our friends; for they feed upon the larvæ which would destroy the fruit and flowers of our orchards and gardens.

Let us, in return for their services, scatter a few crumbs here and there, upon the snow

or the frozen ground. They will not be long in finding out where the feast is spread, and their little hearts will be gladdened by the sight; and I am sure that we, too, will be pleased when we hear their sharp twitter of joy and surprise. — *From* "Our Shy Neighbors."

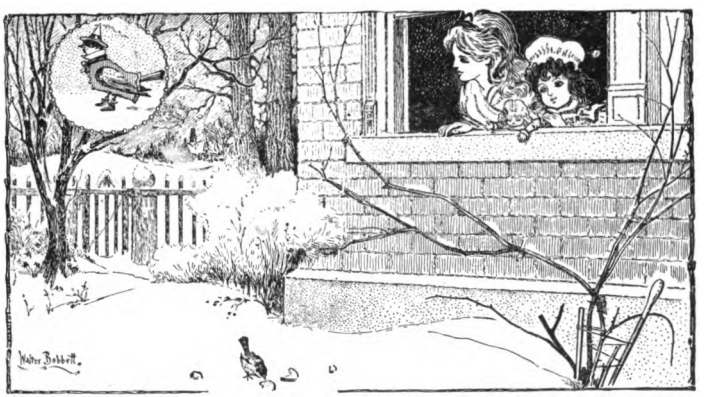
DEFINITIONS. — Jäun'tў, *showy.* Bāse, *bottom, lower part.* Lär'væ, *caterpillars, immature insects, grubs.* Sĕr'vĭç eş, *acts of labor done for another.*

THE SNOWBIRD'S SONG.

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song:
"O sister, look out of the window!" said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the
sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his
feet:
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
He's all the time singing his chick-a-de-dee.



"If I were a barefooted snowbird, I know,
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I pity him so! oh, how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-dee.

"O mother; do get him some stockings and
shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat if he choose:

I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee!"

The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said:
"What a figure I'd make in that dress," thought he,
And laughed as he warbled his chick-a-de-dee.

"I am grateful," said he, "for the wish you express,
But have no occasion for such a fine dress;
I'd rather remain with my little limbs free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-dee.

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too.
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we?"
And away he flew, singing his chick-a-de-dee.

— F. C. Woodworth.

Definitions. — Chĭck'-a-dē-dee, *an imitation of the notes of the snowbird.* Fĭg'ūre, *shape, appearance.* Ex prĕss', *make known, declare.* Hŏb'ble, *to walk with a hitch or hop.*

"Don't you hate splitting wood?" asked Charlie, as he sat down on a log to hinder Rob for a while.

"No, I rather like it. When I get hold of a tough old fellow, I say, 'See here, now, you think you're the stronger, and are going to beat me; so I'll split you up into kindling wood.'"

"Pshaw!" said Charlie, laughing; "and it's only a stick of wood."

"Yes; but you see I pretend it's a lesson, or a tough job of any kind, and it's nice to conquer it."

"I don't want to conquer such things; I don't care what becomes of them. I wish I were a man, and a rich one."

"Well, Charlie, if you live long enough you'll be a man, without wishing for it; and as for the rich part, I mean to be that myself."

"You do. How do you expect to get your money? By sawing wood?"

"Maybe — some of it; that's as good a way as any, so long as it lasts. I don't care how I get rich, you know, so that it's in an honest and useful way."

"I'd like to sleep over the next ten years, and wake up to find myself a young man with a splendid education and plenty of money."

"Humph! I am not sleepy — a night at a time is enough for me. I mean to work the next ten years. You see there are things that you've got to *work* out — you can't *sleep* them out."

"I hate work," said Charlie, "that is, such work as sawing and splitting wood, and doing chores. I'd like to do some big work, like being a clerk in a bank or something of that sort."

"Wood has to be sawed and split before it

can be burned," said Rob. "I don't know but I'll be a clerk in a bank some time; I'm working toward it. I'm keeping father's accounts for him."

How Charlie laughed! "I should think that was a long way from being a bank clerk. I suppose your father sells two tables and six chairs, some days, doesn't he?"

"Sometimes more than that, and sometimes not so much," said Rob, in perfect good humor. "I didn't say I was a bank clerk now. I said I was working toward it. Am I not nearer it by keeping a little bit of a book than I should be if I didn't keep any book at all?"

"Not a whit — such things *happen*," said Charlie, as he started to go.

Now, which of these boys, do you think, grew up to be a rich and useful man, and which of them joined a party of tramps before he was thirty years old?

DEFINITIONS. — Hĭn'der, *interrupt, prevent from working.* Cŏn'quer, *overcome, master.* Splĕn'did, *very fine, complete.* Ed u cā'tion, *acquired knowledge.* Chōreş, *the light work about a house or yard.*

WHAT WOULD I DO?

If I were a bird I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest in the old elm tree;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through,
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain;
Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I'd do!

If I were a brook I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither and drink;"
Oh, if I were a brook, that is what I would say!

If I were a star I would shine wide and bright
To guide the lone sailor on ocean afar,
And travelers, lost in the desert and woods;
Oh, that's what I'd do if I were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been set,
For I am a child and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons, and, day after day,
Learn to read and to spell, and to add one, two, and three.

Yet perhaps if I try I shall some time find out
How the birds sing so sweetly, how the roses grow red,
What the merry brook says to the moss-covered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high overhead.

DEFINITIONS. — Wạr'ble, *to sing in a quavering manner.* Hāst'en, *go forward without delay.* Lōne, *lonely, without companions.* A fär', *far away, distant.* Dĕẓ'ert, *a barren tract of country.*

THE LITTLE LOAF.

Once when there was a famine, a rich baker sent for twenty of the poorest children in the town, and said to them, "In this basket there is a loaf for each of you. Take it, and come

back to me every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The hungry children gathered eagerly about the basket, and quarreled for the bread, because each wished to have the largest loaf. At last they went away without even thanking the good gentleman.

But Gretchen, a poorly dressed little girl, did not quarrel or struggle with the rest, but remained standing modestly in the distance. When the ill-behaved girls had left, she took the smallest loaf, which alone was left in the basket, kissed the gentleman's hand, and went home.

The next day the children were as ill-

behaved as before, and poor, timid Gretchen received a loaf scarcely half the size of the one she got the first day. When she came home, and her mother cut the loaf open, many new, shining pieces of silver fell out of it.

Her mother was very much alarmed, and said: "Take the money back to the good gentleman at once, for it must have been put into the dough by accident. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

But when the little girl gave the rich man her mother's message, he said: "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you for being so gentle and well-behaved. Always be as contented, peaceable, and grateful as you now are. Go home now, and tell your mother that the money is your own."

DEFINITIONS. — Făm'ĭne, *a general scarcity of food.* Lōaf, *a molded mass of regular shape* (as of bread or cake). Grĕtch'en, *a girl's name — the shortened form, or pet name, for Marguerite.* Re māined', *staid.* Dĭs'tançe, *place which is far off.* Ill-be hāved', *rude, having bad manners.* Ae'çi dent, *mistake.* Mĕs'saġe, *word sent, communication.* Pēaçe'a ble, *quiet, gentle.*

TRUSTWORTHY AND TRUE.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy whose name was Michael. His parents wished him to learn some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would please him.

At last he was permitted to have his way, and his father found a place for him as captain's boy on a vessel that was about to sail for Morocco on the north coast of Africa. The ship belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of taking out bales of cloth to sell to the natives in that place. As he went himself in the ship, he was able to see what kind of a boy Michael was.

Not only was Michael quick at learning his duties, but he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did as well as he could, whether any one saw him or not. "This is just the boy I want," said the merchant, and Michael was soon given a better place.

One day the merchant fell sick, and when it was time for the ship to make another voyage to Morocco he was unable to go with it. What could be done? He knew of only one person to whom he could trust his cargo, and that was Michael. So he told the boy that he must take charge of it.

Michael was young, and it was a hard task that was set before him; but he knew his duty and did not shrink from trying to do it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge of the cargo; and in due time the cloth was landed and taken to the market-place at Morocco.

Now the city was ruled by a cruel tyrant called the Sultan, who could do what he liked with everything and everybody in his kingdom. As he was walking through the market-place one morning he saw the beautiful cloth which Michael had for sale. One piece pleased him very much, and he asked the price of it.

Michael told him; and the Sultan offered to give half the sum named.

"I cannot let you have it for less than I have told you," said Michael. "My master

expects that price, and it is no more than the cloth is worth."

The Sultan's face grew dark with anger, and those who stood around trembled; for they knew that if the boy offended the cruel ruler he would be put to death. "I will give you until to-morrow to think about it," said the Sultan, and he walked away.

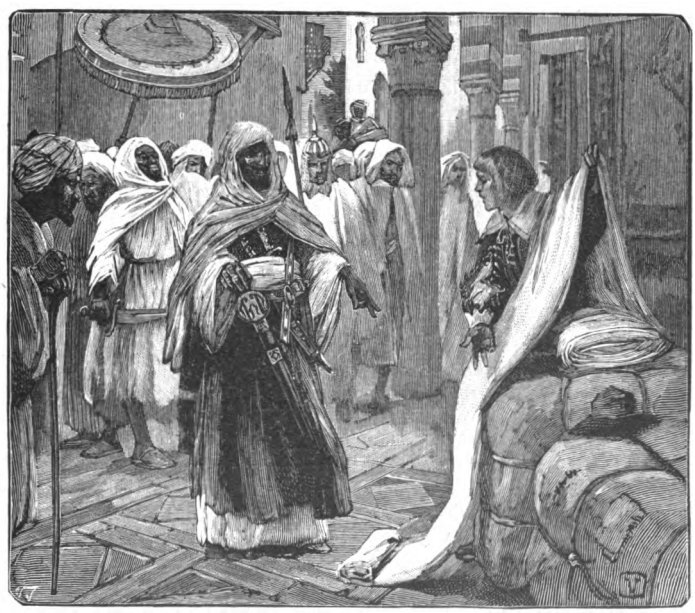
Michael put back the cloth, and began to wait on his other customers. His friends begged him to let the Sultan have the cloth and not risk the punishment that would surely come if he still refused. But the young man answered: "My life is in God's hands. If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The Sultan appeared as before; and besides his other servants, the public executioner followed behind him. He again asked Michael the price of the cloth, and the same answer was given.

"You may take my life if you wish," said the brave Michael, "but I shall die as an honest man and a true servant of my master."

Everybody expected to hear the order, "Strike off his head"; but the order was not given. The face of the Sultan suddenly changed.

"You are a noble fellow!" he cried. "I wish I had a servant so trustworthy and true.



Give me your hand; you shall be my friend. I will buy the cloth at your price, and will make of it a robe of honor in memory of your faithfulness." So saying, he threw a purse of

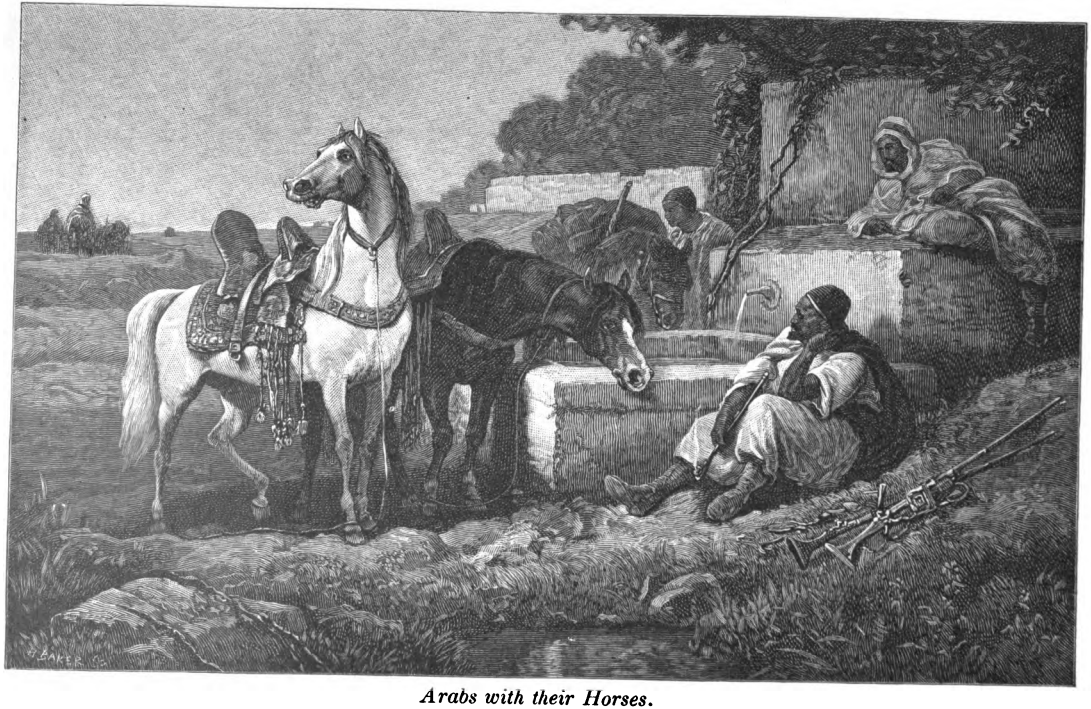
gold upon the table and told his servants to carry the cloth to his palace.

The faithful young man rose step by step until at last he became an admiral, and was given command of the navies of Holland. The name of Michael Ruyter is still honored in his native land. And the chief reason why his countrymen love him so much is this, — that, no matter how great the difficulties in his way, he always dared to do right.

DEFINITIONS. — Bāles, *bundles of goods carefully wrapped and corded.* Nā'tives, *people born in the place or country mentioned.* Căr'gō, *a ship's load.* Tȳ'rant, *a cruel ruler or master.* Ex ē cū'tion er, *one who puts to death by order of a ruler or government.* Păl'açe, *the residence of a king or other ruler.*

HASSAN AND HIS HORSE.

The fastest and most beautiful horses in the world live in Arabia. The Arab loves his horse almost as much as he loves his children. In fact, his horse lives among his children. They tumble about it, hang on by its ears and mane, and make a playmate of the gentle creature.



Arabs with their Horses.

Leave him his horse, and the Arab is happy even in the midst of poverty. He treats it with great care and kindness, never using whip or spur. Horse and man are friends, rather than master and servant.

I must tell you a story about an Arab and his horse, which shows how fond of each other they may become.

This Arab's name was Hassan. One day when he was riding over the plain some miles away from the simple tent which was his home, he was surrounded by enemies and taken prisoner.

Hassan's captors tied him fast on his own horse, and led him away many miles to a place where they camped for the night. There they laid him on the ground, and led off his horse with their own to another part of the camp.

Hassan knew that he would be sold as a slave; and his heart ached to think he should never again see his home, or his dear wife and children. But almost as hard to bear was the thought that he should be separated from his

horse, his constant companion for so many years.

Hassan knew that no one would ever be so kind to the poor beast as he had been, — that no stranger would care to feed him every day, as he had, with camel's milk and with sweet barley.

In the middle of the night, while he was weeping at this thought, Hassan heard the well-known whinny of his favorite. Although tied hand and foot, Hassan managed, by rolling over and over on the ground, to come where his horse was.

The poor creature knew him, and trembled with delight. Hassan trembled too, but with pain and weakness and sorrow. He had made up his mind to set his dear companion free if he could.

Hassan knew that he was a hopeless prisoner; but he wanted his horse to escape, and return to the old home where loving hands would care for him and tend him.

Reaching the cord with which his horse was tied, Hassan gnawed it with his teeth,

till at last he had worn it in two. Then in a faint voice he bade his pet begone.

But the faithful creature would not go. He sniffed at the cords that bound his master's limbs, licked Hassan's face, whinnied softly, and then stood still.

For the first time in his life he would pay no attention to Hassan's commands. He would not stir an inch: he would not desert his master and friend.

All this while the noble animal must have been thinking how he could help his master; for at last he felt about for Hassan's belt, found it, took it firmly in his teeth, lifted Hassan from the ground, and with this heavy burden sped softly away over the plain.

Miles and miles and miles the loving creature ran, never stopping to rest; miles and miles, straight toward their far-off home; miles and miles, with Hassan in his mouth, — till, just at dawn, he laid his master gently down at his own tent door.

The lonely wife and the little children, were they not glad? Yes, they were overjoyed.

Their joy, however, was soon changed to grief. The noble horse staggered a moment, and then dropped at their feet, dead with exhaustion. He had saved his master, but he had laid down his own life.

DEFINITIONS. — Con'stant, *unchanging.* Whĭn'ny, *the call or cry of a horse.* Hōpe'less, *without hope.* Cŏm mănds', *orders.* Ex haus'tion, *weariness.*

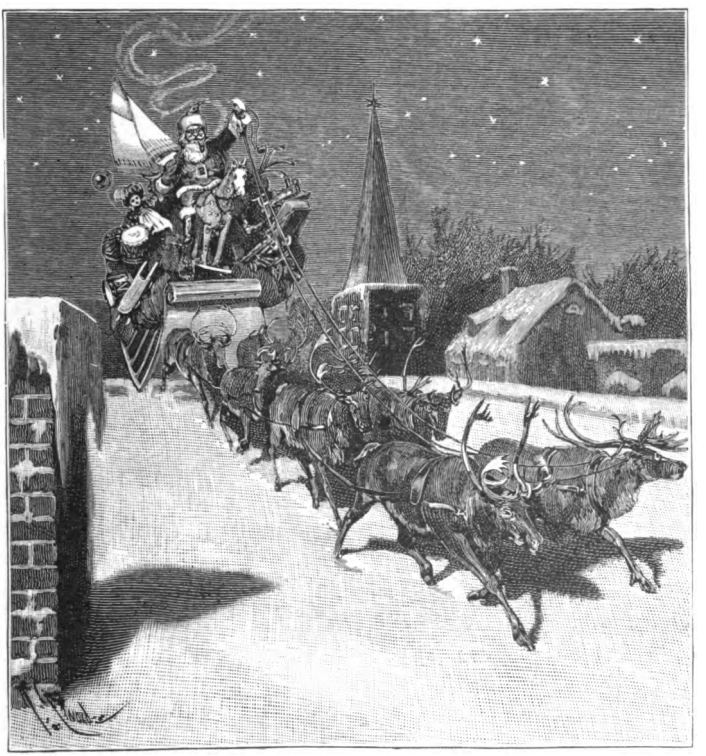
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap —
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name —
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"



As the leaves that before the wild hurricane
fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to
the sky,

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas too!
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses — his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
The smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

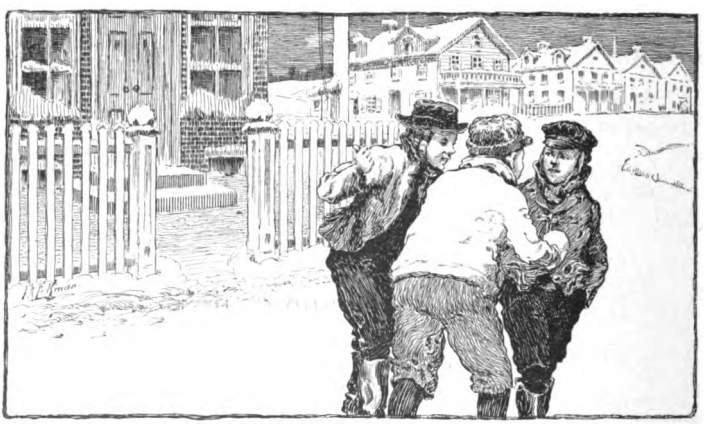
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings — then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down off a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"

— CLEMENT C. MOORE.

TRUE COURAGE.

One cold winter's day, three boys were passing by a schoolhouse. The oldest was a bad boy, always in trouble himself, and trying to get others into trouble. The youngest, whose name was George, was a very good boy.



George wished to do right, but was very much wanting in courage. The other boys were named Henry and James. As they walked along, they talked as follows: —

Henry. What fun it would be to throw a snowball against the schoolroom door, and make the teacher and scholars all jump!

James. *You* would jump, if you should. If the teacher did not catch you he would tell your father, and you would be punished for it. If he should whip you, you would jump higher than the scholars, I think.

Henry. Why, we could get so far off, before the teacher came to the door, that he could not tell who did it. Here is a snowball just as hard as ice, and George would as soon throw it against the door as not. He is not afraid.

James. Give the snowball to him, and see. He will not dare to throw it.

Henry. Do you think George is a coward? You do not know him as well as I do. Here, George, take this snowball, and show James that you are not such a coward as he thinks you are.

George. I am not afraid; but I do not want to throw it. I do not see that it will do any good, or that there will be any fun in it.

James. There! I told you he would not dare to throw it.

Henry. Why, George, are you turning cow-

ard? I thought you did not fear anything. Come, save your credit, and throw it. I know you are not afraid.

George. Well, I am not afraid to throw. Give me the snowball. I would as soon throw it as not.

Whack! went the snowball against the door; and the boys took to their heels. Henry was laughing as heartily as he could, to think what a fool he had made of George.

George was punished for his folly, as he deserved to be. He was such a coward, that he was afraid of being called a coward. He did not dare refuse to do as Henry told him, for fear that he would be laughed at.

If he had been really a brave boy, he would have said, "Henry, do you suppose that I am so foolish as to throw that snowball, just because you want me to do so? You may throw your own snowballs, if you please!"

Henry would, perhaps, have laughed at him, and called him a coward.

But George would have said, "Do you think that I care for your laughing? I do

not think it right to throw the snowball. I will not do that which I think to be wrong, if the whole town should join with you in laughing."

This would have been real courage. Henry would have seen, at once, that it would do no good to laugh at a boy who had so bold a heart. You must have this fearless spirit, or you will get into trouble, and will be, and ought to be, disliked by all.

DEFINITIONS. — Dâre, *have courage.* Heärt'i ly, *freely, merrily.* Re fūse', *decline.* Fēar'less, *bold, brave.* Dis līked', *not loved.*

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.

DEFINITIONS. — Coŭr'ăge, *resolution.* Cŏn'quer, *gain the victory.* Pre vāil', *overcome.* Dis grāçe', *shame.* Wĭn, *gain, obtain.* Re'ẉard, *anything given in return for good or bad conduct.* Pā'tiençe, *constancy in labor.*

EXERCISE. — What does the mark before "'Tis" mean? What is it called? What point is used after the word "case" in the second stanza? Why?

OUR NATIVE LAND.

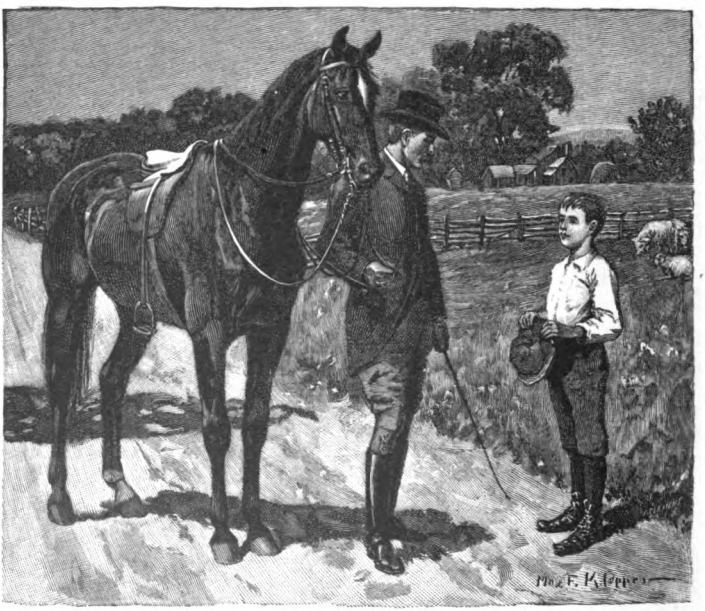
God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
  Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
  By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
  On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
  God save the State!

—CHARLES T. BROOKS.

Oh beautiful and grand
My own, my native land!
  Of thee I boast:
Great empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest
  I love the most. — ABRAHAM COLES.

Mr. Lenox was one morning riding by himself. He got off from his horse to look at something by the roadside. The horse



broke away from him, and ran off. Mr. Lenox ran after him, but soon found that he could not catch him.

A little boy at work in a field near the road heard the horse. As soon as he saw

him running from his master, the boy ran very quickly to the middle of the road, and, catching the horse by the bridle, stopped him till Mr. Lenox came up.

Mr. Lenox. Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very nicely. What shall I give you for your trouble?

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. You want nothing? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field?

B. I was pulling up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.

Mr. L. Do you like to work?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work. It is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. What is your name?

B. Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L. How long have you been here?

B. Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L. Are you not hungry?

B. Yes, sir, but I shall go to dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know, sir. I never had so much.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L. Such things as kites, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir. Tom and I play at football in winter, and I have a jumping rope. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing else?

B. I have hardly time to play with what I have. I have to drive the cows, and to run on errands, and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as play.

Mr. L. You could get apples and cakes, if you had money, you know.

B. I can have apples at home. As for cake, I do not want that. My mother makes me a pie now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. I do not mind that, sir.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better one at home.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard when I am in the field, I get under a tree for shelter.

Mr. L. What do you do if you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there is none?

B. Then I work on, and never think about it.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so contented. Do you go to school?

B. Yes, sir. School will begin in September, and I intend to go every day.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, sir; I shall be in a new class, and I shall need a reader, a geography, and an arithmetic.

Mr. L. Then I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-by, Peter.

B. Good morning, sir.

— Dr. John Aiken (*Adapted*).

Definitions. — Cŏn tĕnt'ed, *satisfied, not unhappy because of that which one lacks.* Tĕnd'ing, *watching, attending.* Tûr'nip, *a vegetable.* Wĕath'er, *state of the atmosphere.* Er'rands, *messages.* Raw, *not cooked.*

THE RACE OF THE WINDS.

A FABLE.

One morning Breeze and Zephyr met on the top of a hill.

There was a white fog in the valley below them, and so they could not see the river, the fields, or the town; but above them the sky was clear and the sun was just rising over the hills.

Breeze and Zephyr talked of the best and fastest way to travel. Breeze liked the shortest road. He thought it was pleasant to stop and play quite often, and then rush onward and make up for lost time.

Zephyr thought quite differently. He liked to keep going on slowly all the time. He liked to look at the fields and meadows and all the pleasant things that came in his way. But he did not think it wise ever to stop by the roadside.

"Let us try a race," said Breeze. "Let us try a race, and meet to-night at the foot of

that high hill where the sun is shining so brightly. You may start now; but as I shall go much faster than you, I will rest here till the sun is higher."

"All right!" said Zephyr, and he started at once.

Zephyr glided softly down the hillside, and was soon in the valley. He made no noise; but everybody knew that he was passing.

He sent the fog floating away down the river to the sea. He shook the bushes by the roadside till they laughed in the morning sunshine.

He touched the flowers lightly, and the dewdrops that were on them danced as he passed.

The birds were singing in the woods; the bees were humming in the meadows; the butterflies were playing among the flowers; but Zephyr would not stop with them. He spoke a kind word to each as he passed, and then went on.

When he came to the town, the people opened their doors and windows for him to come in.

In one house, a little girl lay fast asleep. Zephyr kissed her cheek, and she awoke and smiled. She looked around, but she could not see anybody.

In another house, a sick man, hot with fever, lay upon his bed. He could not sleep, he could not rest. But when Zephyr looked in and fanned his face, he grew quiet and fell into a sweet slumber.

Everywhere, everything was glad because Zephyr was passing; for he made the world happy.

Breeze rested a long time on the hilltop. It was past noon when he began to stir himself. He said! "There is no hurry to start. I shall go so fast that I can soon make up for all lost time. I will overtake that slow-going Zephyr long before he can reach the hill."

So, with a skip and a jump, Breeze hurried down into the valley.

He made a great stir as he passed along. He tore the leaves from the trees; he broke the stems of the flowers; he frightened

the birds so that they flew away for shelter and sang no more that day.

When he came to the town, the doors and windows were still open as when Zephyr had passed. But everybody ran to shut them against Breeze.

He slammed the doors. He threw dust into the children's eyes. He woke the sick man with his noise. He sent the mother's work across the room. He carried the father's paper into the street.

Then, when he had set everybody to running here and there, he flew up toward the sky to play with the floating clouds.

The sun was almost down when Breeze reached the foot of the far-off hill. Zephyr had been there a long time.

"I couldn't come sooner," said Breeze. "I had so much to do. I have had a great deal of fun, and I have done some good."

"What have you done?" asked Zephyr.

"I have carried off ever so much dust that would have made people sick; and I have gotten the clouds ready to come up with

a fine rain to-night. Now, what have you done?" said Breeze.

"Not so much as that," said Zephyr.

"No, I think not," said Breeze. "You cannot do much unless you fly around and make a noise and let people know you are about."

"Perhaps not," said Zephyr.

Breeze was very tired; and while Zephyr was trying to tell of the pretty things he had seen, he fell asleep.

Zephyr watched the moon coming up over the tree tops, and the stars peeping through the leaves. At last he saw the rain clouds rise above the western hills. Then he started across the fields to the far-away sea.

Now, this is all that I can tell you about

Breeze and Zephyr. Do you not think that Zephyr with his quiet manners was more lovable than Breeze with his bluster and noise? And do you not think that he did even more work, although he did not make so great a stir?

I have known some people who were like Breeze; and I have known some who were like Zephyr. Which will you be like?

DEFINITIONS. — Breeze, *a brisk wind.* Zeph'yr (zĕf fr), *a soft, gentle breeze.* Glīd'ed, *moved with a gentle, sliding motion.* Lȯv'a ble, *worthy of love.*

LITTLE GUSTAVA.

Little Gustava sits in the sun,
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,
And a wreath of marigolds round the rim:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray, coaxing cat,
With her little pink nose, and she mews,
"What's that?"
Gustava feeds her,— she begs for more,
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:
"Good day!" cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen,
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,

With their snowy wings and their crimson feet:
"Welcome!" cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.
But who is this through the doorway comes?
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:
"Ha! ha!" laughs little Gustava.

"You want some breakfast, too?" and down
She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown,
And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,
While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk:
"Dear Rags!" says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,
Cooling their feet in the melting snow.
"Won't you come in, good folk?" she cried,
But they were too bashful, and staid outside,
Though "Pray come in!" cried Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat,
With doves, and biddy, and dog, and cat.
And her mother came to the open house door:
"Dear little daughter, I bring you some more,
My merry little Gustava."

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,
All things harmless Gustava loves,
The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,
And, oh! her breakfast is sweet indeed
To happy little Gustava!

— CELIA THAXTER.

DEFINITIONS. — Gus tä'vå, *a girl's name.* I'çi eleş, *water frozen in long, needlelike shapes.* Eaveş (ēvz), *the lower edges of a roof.* Quāint, *odd.* Măr'i gōld, *a yellow flower.* Knĕlt, *bent on her knees.* Bĭd'dy, *chicken.*

THE BLACKBIRDS.

"Put it back, Robert! Do put it back!"

"Why?" whispered Robert, with a startled glance along the wood path. "Is the master in sight, Ned?"

"No, but we are in sight of the Master, Robert."

Robert drew a long breath of relief, and put his finger into the open mouth of one of the unfledged blackbirds. "You frightened me for a moment," he said, "but I see you were only talking Sunday-school talk. Of course, since Mr. Grant has forbidden us to touch the

nests here, we must take care that he doesn't see us — that's all."

"Put it back, Robert, put it back!" pleaded the older boy. "The nest is as much the bird's home as your mother's cottage is yours; and those four little blackbirds can no more

live and grow if you destroy it, than your baby sisters could live and grow if they had no home and no mother."

"I'm not harming the mother," said Robert.

"But suppose," said Ned, "that your mother should come home some night after her work, feeling happy and thinking of the rest she

would have in her own snug little house, with all her children around her — and suppose that, just as she reached the old lilac tree by the gate, she were to look up and see that there were no little ones to meet her, no warm, cheery room to rest in, not even a sign of the dear old house to be seen — if such a thing should happen to your mother, would you say that no one had harmed her?"

"I don't know anything about that," stammered Robert. "What has that to do with the nest? The old bird can make another."

"Yes, so she can; and your mother could find another house. But what heart would the mother bird or your mother have to do that? It would not be the same thing to the bird without her little ones, or to your mother without her babies."

"My mother without her babies!" said Robert; "that's very different."

"Not so very different," answered Ned. "My father says that the mother birds sometimes die of grief when they find their nests gone. Please put it back, Robert."

"Not very likely, when I have had all this trouble to get it," said Robert, in a surly tone.

"Just put it back for ten minutes," pleaded Ned.

"To take it again after that?"

"Yes, if you like."

"What good will that do?"

"Put it back for ten minutes, while I tell you a story."

Robert put the nest back, and the two boys sat down together among the clover.

"Look, Robert! look!" cried Ned, joyfully. "See that blackbird flying straight to the tree. It is the mother bird. See how happy she is to find her nest and her little ones. Are you not glad that you put the nest back when you did?"

"Ten minutes is not very long," muttered Robert. "Tell your story, Ned."

"It is only about mother, the children, and myself," said Ned. "I was a very little fellow, and the twins were dots of things, and the baby was only a month or two old. Father was working for Mr. Grant, and he

thought very highly of him, just as all the men do now; but I did not like him, because he would not allow us boys to throw at the birds or rob their nests.

"One day, as I was going through this very wood, and no one was near enough to see me, I took a thrush's nest with five tiny birds in it. I hid them in the basket I was carrying to mother. I knew that we had an old wicker cage under the woodshed at home, and I thought that I would put the birds in it and watch them. The nest was very dry, and I burned it so that I might not be found out.

"Mother was very busy indoors, and so I put the birds in the cage without her seeing me; for I knew that she would punish me if she learned that I had been cruel to the little creatures.

"I soon noticed that mother was in trouble, for father had not come home, and she did not know the reason. At last I was sent to bed, and I lay and thought about the birds in the cage out under the woodshed. But at length I slept, and I must have dreamed; for I

thought that father had not come, and I had been sent out to find him.

"I asked a man where my father was, and he told me that Mr. Grant would not have my father work for him any more, but that we were to go far away, and be — like the little birds that I had put in the cage — without a home. There was not a song of birds in the woods as I went back to the house.

"My mother was making the children ready to leave. She was crying, and so were the children. I tried to comfort her the best that I could, and then I went out to look at the birds. They were dead, and so great was my distress that I awoke. It was a dream, but a part of it was true. The birds were dead."

"Is that all?" asked Robert.

"That is all. Will you take the nest again?"

"Tell another story. There is no hurry about taking the nest."

Do you think that he took it?

DEFINITIONS. — Re liēf', *freedom from uneasiness.* Plēad'ed, *spoke earnestly to persuade.* Wick'er, *made of twigs.* Mŭt'tered, *spoke in a low, indistinct tone.*

THE BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;
"He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"
And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be."

— Lucy Larcom.

Exercises. — What is a thrush? Why was the thrush so happy? Do you think he would have been happy if the little boy or girl had robbed the nest?

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, there was a great stir in the town of Philadelphia. Congress was sitting in the hall of the State House. The streets were full of people; everybody seemed anxious; everybody wanted to know what was being done.

Men were crowding around the State House and listening.

"Who is speaking now?" asked one.

"John Adams," was the answer.

In a little while the question was asked again, "Who is speaking now?"

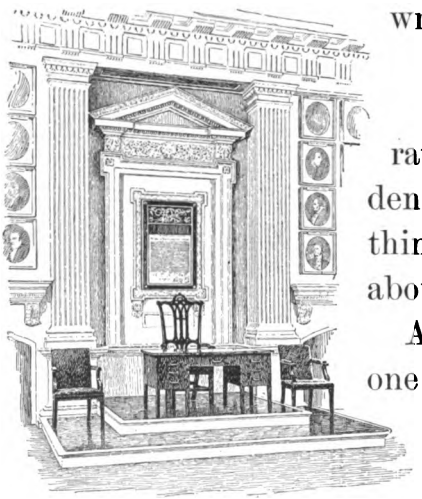
"Dr. Franklin."

"Good! Let them follow his advice, for he knows what is best." And then everybody was very still, for all wanted to hear what the great Dr. Franklin had to say.

After a while there was a stir among the lis-

teners, and those farthest away asked again, "Who is speaking now?"

"Thomas Jefferson of Virginia," was the answer. "It was he and Franklin that wrote it."



Where the Declaration was signed.

"Wrote what?"

"Why, the Declaration of Independence, of course — the thing they are talking about now."

A little later some one said, "They will be ready to sign it soon."

"But will they dare to sign it?"

"Dare? These men will dare to do anything for the good of our country."

All this time, inside of the hall, wise and good men were talking about the acts of the king of England. They were telling of the wrongs he had done to the people of our country.

"He has cut off our trade with all parts of the world," said one.

"He has made us pay taxes for his own good, and does not allow us to say a word about the making of the laws," said another.

"He has sent his soldiers among us to burn our towns and kill our people," said a third.

"He has tried to make the Indians our enemies," said a fourth.

"He is a tyrant and unfit to be the ruler of a free people," agreed they all.

And then everybody was silent while one read, "We, therefore, solemnly publish and declare that the united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

Soon afterward the bell in the high tower above the hall began to ring.

"It is done!" cried the people. "They have signed the Declaration of Independence."

"Yes, every colony has voted for it," said those nearest the door. "The king of Eng-

land shall no longer rule over us. We are a free people." And that was the way in which the United States came into being. The thirteen colonies were now thirteen states, and all were united for freedom.

DEFINITIONS. — Děc la rā'tion, *something publicly announced.* In de pĕn'dençe, *freedom.* Sŏl'emn lў, *gravely, seriously.* U nīt'ed, *joined together.*

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

— SAMUEL F. SMITH.

THE LAMB AND THE WILD BEASTS.

A FABLE.

A Lamb strayed for the first time into the woods, and caused much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of a good deal of talk, the Goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the Lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast, it is true, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and as sure as my name is Lion, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba-a-a!" And the

Lion bleated his best mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the Deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his

hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the Tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he cannot do anything — and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and in politeness to this Lamb, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and said, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts found all kinds of fault with the Lamb, each in his own way; and yet, after all, it was a very good Lamb.

It is easy to find fault with others, although we may not be half so good as they.

DEFINITIONS. — Dis cus'sion, *debate, earnest talk.* Ab sûrd', *ridiculous.* Im'pū dence, *audacity, rudeness.* Dĭs gŭst'ed, *offended.*

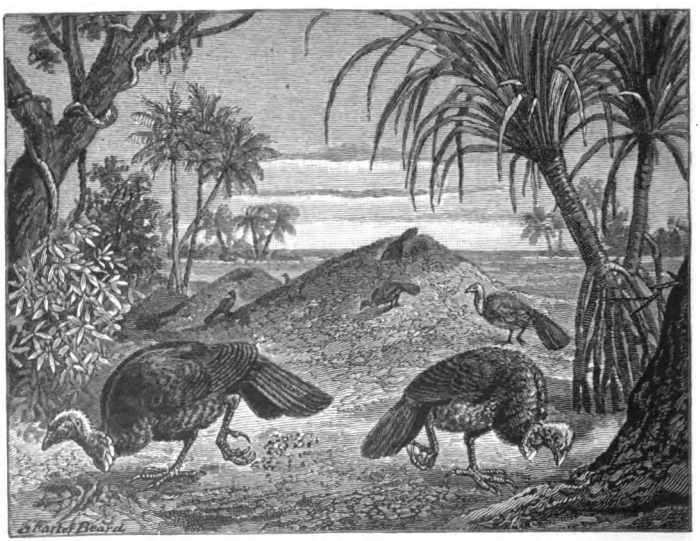
MR. BIG FOOT.

He is a queer bird, and he lives in a country far away called Australia. His true name is Megapode, which is Greek for Big Foot.

But it is not because of his big feet that I call him a queer bird; it is because of the

wonderful nest that he builds. He is not a large bird. He is not much larger than a quail; but there is no other bird that builds so big a nest.

When Mr. and Mrs. Big Foot make up their minds to build a nest they begin to gather



all the sticks they can find. They pick up leaves, branches, stems, flowers, and small plants, and pile them on the ground where they want their nest.

They keep on with this work every day for a long time. At last they have made a thick,

soft bed that is nearly round. It is so large that you would think a hundred such birds could sit upon it. But they do not want to sit upon it.

They now bring sand and earth and little stones, and cover it all over. They cover it so well that when it is done it looks like a hill of earth. It is highest in the center, and slopes down all around, so that when it rains the water will run off.

Sometimes a nest is twelve feet high in the center, and thirty feet across at the bottom.

It is wonderful that two small birds can build so big a nest. They have been at work a few weeks, and they have piled up a good many wagonloads of sticks, leaves, stones, and sand. What is the use of it all?

In the center of the nest they have left a round opening or tunnel. It is large enough for one of the birds to go into, and it reaches from the top of the nest to the ground.

At the bottom of this tunnel they make a soft bed of leaves, which is their true nest. Then when everything is ready, Mrs. Big Foot

begins to lay her eggs. She lays eight, and puts them in a perfect circle in this soft bed at the bottom of the tunnel. But she does not sit on her eggs. She has had enough to do to help build the great house for them.

As soon as all the eggs are in their places, the two birds bid good-by to their house, and fly away. But they do not go far. Mr. Big Foot does not forget the eggs. Almost every day he comes back to see that everything is just right.

Very soon the leaves and plants in the big nest begin to decay, and this makes them warm. The nest is a kind of hot bed like that which gardeners make for sprouting plants in the early spring.

If the nest seems too warm, when Mr. Big Foot comes to look at it, he takes off some of the leaves that are about it. If it is not quite warm enough, he covers it with more leaves.

The heat warms the eight eggs, and in a few weeks they are hatched. What now will become of the young Big Foots, as they break through the shell and find no mother bird to

feed them? For Mr. and Mrs. Big Foot are now far away, perhaps building another nest.

Most birds are helpless when first hatched and need a good deal of care. But not so with the young Big Foots.

As soon as they are out of the shell they begin to climb up to the top of the tunnel. As they look up they can see only a little of the blue sky; but they will not rest until they have seen more. They are already covered with feathers, and their wings are strong.

Soon they reach the top of the tunnel. They look out and see the beautiful trees on every side. They will go and see the world.

In a few minutes they lift their wings and fly away among the tree tops. No one has shown them how to fly, but they know just how it is done. The great forest is all around them, and they can go where they like. There is nobody to care for them, and so they start out bravely to care for themselves.

DEFINITIONS. — Aus trā'li a, *a country on the other side of the world from us.* Tŭn'nel, *an underground passageway or opening.* De çāy', *rot, perish.* Brāve'ly, *fearlessly.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-blooms white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple,
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at nighttime are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— MARY H. KROUT.

DEFINITIONS. — Crĭm'şon, *of a bright red color.* Dĕl'ĭ cate, *tender, not coarse.* Tĭ'nў, *very small.* Bărks, *sailing vessels.* O'rĭ ōle, *a kind of bird.* Au'thor, *writer, composer.* Chĭş'el, *a cutting tool.* Păl ĕtte', *a painter's tablet on which to mix colors.*

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

A lawyer once advertised for an office boy, and nearly fifty lads called on him to apply for the place. Out of the whole number he soon chose one, sending away all the others.

"I should like to know," said a friend who happened to be sitting in the office at the time — "I should like to know why you preferred that lad to all the others. Why, I noticed that he did not bring a single written recommendation, while most of the others were armed with letters from teachers and friends, telling how bright and industrious and honest and careful and polite they were!"

"You are wrong, my friend," replied the lawyer; "he had a great many recommendations."

"And what were they, may I ask?"

"Well, first of all, he wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him. These actions showed that he is *tidy* and *orderly.*

"Secondly, when that elderly gentleman, who, you may have observed, was somewhat lame, came into the office, the lad at once offered him his chair. This showed that he is *thoughtful of others.*

"Thirdly, when he came in he took off his cap and answered my questions respectfully, with a 'Yes, sir,' and an 'If you please, sir.' This showed that he is *polite.*

"Fourthly, he lifted up a book which before he came in I had purposely thrown on the floor, and he placed it on the table; all the other applicants either stepped over it or shoved it aside. This showed that he is *careful.*

"Fifthly, he waited quietly and patiently

for his turn, instead of pushing himself forward. This showed that he is *modest.*

"Sixthly, I observed that his clothes were carefully brushed, that his hair was in nice order, that his teeth were as white as milk, and his shoes smoothly polished.

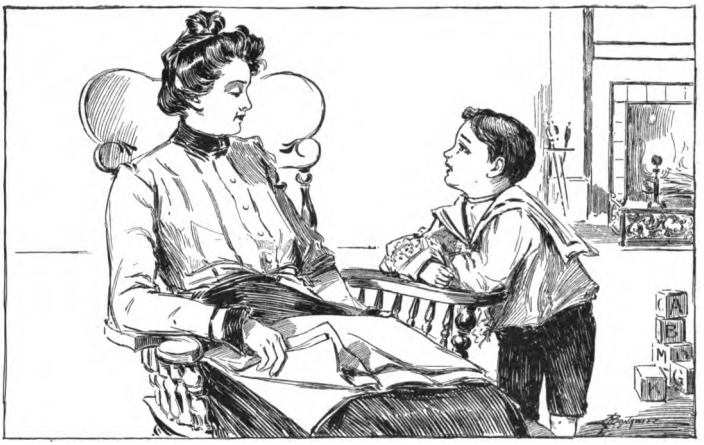
"Then when he wrote his name I noticed that his fingernails were clean, instead of being tipped with black, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. These things showed —"

"Enough, enough," cried the lawyer's friend; "you have certainly given six very good reasons for your choice."

"Well, don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and they satisfied me better than all the fine letters he could have brought me from his teacher or his friends. I can judge better of a boy by watching him closely for five minutes than by reading a whole basketful of recommendations."

DEFINITIONS. — Rĕc om mĕn dā'tion, *anything intended to win the favorable notice of another.* In dŭs'trĭ ous, *not idle.* Ap'plĭ cants, *those applying for something.*

TO-MORROW.



A bright little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble, and feared no care,
Was the light of our household — the youngest there.

He was too young, this little elf,
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would arise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies;
"Mother" — oh, word that makes the home! —
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed:
When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streaks of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And the vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night;
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You cannot catch it, my little Ted:
Enjoy to-day," the mother said:
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year —
It always is coming, but never is here."

THE HERO OF HAARLEM.

I.

Very many years ago there lived in the town of Haarlem in Holland a little boy whose one deed of heroism is still remembered by the people of that busy place.

The boy's father was a sluicer. His business was to open and shut the "sluices," or large oaken gates which close the entrance of the many canals in Holland. The object of these gates is to prevent the sea from overflowing the land.

When the tide is low, the sluicer raises the gates a little, and then the water flows from the canal or other stream into the sea. When the tide begins to rise he closes them again very carefully. Even the little children in Holland know how important it is that the sluicer's work should be done promptly and well.

One day when he was eight years old, the boy of whom I am telling you asked leave to carry some cakes to a blind man who lived

by the side of the dike or great wall that had been built to keep out the waters of the sea. His father told him that he might go, but charged him not to stay late.

The blind man was very thankful for the gift of the cakes; and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait as usual to hear one of the old man's stories, but soon took leave of him and started home.

As he went along, he noticed that the canals were quite full, for the autumn rains had swelled the waters; and he could hear the beating of the sea waves against the outer side of the great dike. Now and then, he stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well; now and then, he hummed some merry song.

After a little while he came to a very lonely part of the road where but few people were in the habit of passing. The little fellow now noticed that the blue of the flowers in his hand was much the same in hue as the green of the trees and shrubs by the wayside. He looked up in dismay. The sun had set.

II.

The child thought of his home, which was still some miles away, and he remembered his father's command not to stay late. He quickened his steps and began to run briskly along the silent road which here passed very close to the dike.

Suddenly, a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He stopped, and looked to see what caused it. In the dike, close by one of the great gates, he saw a hole through which a tiny stream of water was flowing in from the sea.

He knew that the water was all the time enlarging the hole, and that if nothing was done to prevent it a great break would soon be worn in the dike and the sea would come rushing in and cover the land. He did not stop a moment to think what to do.

Before he could run all the way to Haarlem and give the alarm, the mischief would be done. He might call aloud for help, but it was not likely that any one could hear him. So, throwing away his flowers, he climbed

from stone to stone till he reached the hole in the dike. He thrust his hand into it, and found to his delight that the flow of the water was entirely stopped.

III.

This was all very well for a little while. But the night was closing, and with the darkness came the cold winds from the sea. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came along the solitary road. He shouted; he called loudly; but no one answered.

He felt that he must stay there all night; but, alas! the cold was becoming more bitter with every passing moment. The minutes seemed hours. The hand that was keeping out the water soon became numb; and then the numbness went up into his arm, and was followed by an aching pain.

The pain became still greater, still harder to bear; but the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed with its warmth and comfort. But still he staid bravely at his post; for he knew that should he give up,

the water would rush in, and not only he himself, but his father and mother and all the people in the town would be drowned.

The weary hours of the night passed slowly, and at last the dawn came. And then, soon after the breaking of the day, a clergyman who was going home after staying all night with a sick neighbor, passed along the lonely road. He thought that he heard groans. He looked up and saw a child clinging to the rocks on the side of the great dike.

"Boy," he cried, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the sea from running in," was the simple answer of the child.

History has handed down to us the names of many warriors, the destroyers of thousands of their fellowmen, and people have called them heroes; but we do not know the name of this true hero of Haarlem, whose great deed was the saving of his country.

DEFINITIONS.—Hĕr'o ĭşm, *an act of great courage.* Prŏmpt'ly, *at the right time and without delay.* Dĭs māy', *sudden alarm.* At trăct'ed, *drew.* De vīce', *plan.* Sŏl'i ta ry, *lonely.* Cler'gy-man, *minister, pastor.* He'ro, *one who is noted for his brave deeds.*

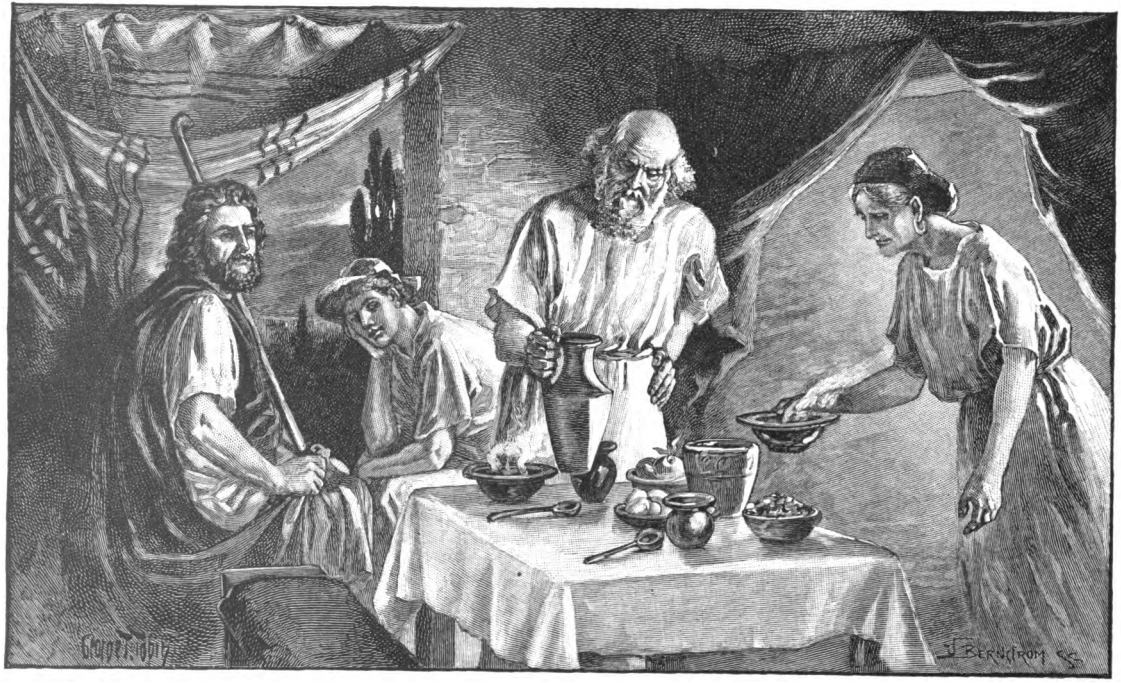
PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.

On a certain hill in a far distant country there are two beautiful trees, a linden and an oak. At the foot of the hill there is an ugly marsh, and a little farther away there is a lake. A wonderful story is told about the trees and the lake.

A long, long time ago, Jupiter and Mercury were traveling through that country to see how the people lived and whether they were kind-hearted and brave and true as all people ought to be. The two travelers were dressed in coarse garb, and went from place to place on foot, and nobody guessed who they were.

Late one day they reached a thriving village in the midst of a beautiful plain. They were footsore and covered with dust, and no sooner had they entered the village than children and men began to hoot and throw stones at them.

They walked through the streets seeking some place of shelter for the night, but no one would show them the least kindness. Some



Philemon and Baucis.

of the people were so rude as to set dogs upon them, and they were finally driven out of the village.

As they walked sadly along in the deepening twilight they came to a humble thatched cottage by the side of the road. An old man whose name was Philemon was sitting by the door, and his wife Baucis was standing by his side. The house was a very poor one, but the two old people appeared to be contented and happy.

As soon as Philemon saw the travelers coming slowly up the hill, he ran out and greeted them with kindly words. "Come in, and rest yourselves," he said. "Come in, and my wife Baucis will give you some food, for I know that you are tired and hungry."

The strangers followed the old man into his hut. Philemon gave them seats just inside of the door, and Baucis hurried to prepare some food for them. The good woman raked out the coals that lay among the ashes on the hearth; she laid some dry sticks upon them, and soon had a blazing fire. Then she ran

into the garden and gathered some fresh vegetables; she cut a slice of meat from the side of bacon that hung in the chimney corner; she filled the great dinner pot and swung it above the flames.

While the food was cooking, she drew out the little table and covered it with a snow-white cloth. On the bench where her guests were to sit, she placed a cushion filled with soft and fragrant seaweed. Then she placed on the table sweet-smelling herbs, and radishes, and cheese, and eggs cooked in the ashes.

When all was ready, the stew, smoking hot, was dipped from the kettle and served in coarse earthen dishes. Some milk was brought in a yellow pitcher; and apples and wild honey were added for dessert.

The guests sat down at the table, and the good old people stood behind them to see that all their wants were satisfied. When the milk was poured out, they were astonished to see that the pitcher was still as full as ever.

"Wife," whispered Philemon, "these are no common men that have come to our poor

house. They are Mighty Beings come down from above."

Then both fell upon their knees and begged pardon for the coarseness of the food and the rudeness of the table and the dishes. "They are the best that we have," they said. "Gladly would we give you something better, but we cannot."

Jupiter raised them to their feet and smiled upon them. "The richest man in all the land could not have done more than you have done for our comfort," said he. "But what shall we say for the people of the village who drove us from their doors and refused to give us shelter for the night?"

"I beg that you will not be too harsh with them," said Philemon. "They did not know who it was whom they treated so rudely."

"Nay," said Jupiter, "but people who show no acts of kindness to poor and needy strangers are not likely to have the right feelings toward even the Mighty Ones from whom they receive all the good things of life. They shall be punished."

In the morning after the two noble guests had eaten their breakfast, they made ready to go on their way. "Walk with us to the top of yonder hill," said Jupiter. Philemon and Baucis gladly obeyed.

When they had reached the top of the steep slope, Mercury bade them look around. To their great wonder they saw that the village had disappeared and that a broad lake had taken its place. No house had been left standing save their own humble cottage.

"My good friends," said Jupiter, "you shall be rewarded for your kindness to strangers. Is there not some favor that we can grant you?"

Then Philemon and Baucis both answered: "Let us finish our lives here where we have lived so long; and when the time comes for us to die, let us both pass from life together."

"You shall have your wish," said Jupiter.

Even while he spoke Philemon and Baucis saw a wonderful change come over their humble dwelling. Lofty columns took the

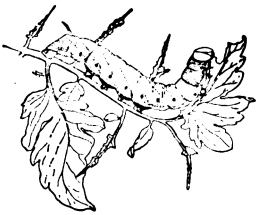
place of the corner posts, the thatch was changed to a gilded roof, and the doors were hung with ornaments of gold. The cottage was transformed into a beautiful temple.

For many years the two old people were the keepers of the temple. But one day as they were standing outside and looking up into the sky they felt themselves stiffen so they could not stir. They had hardly time to say, "Good-by, dear Philemon," and "Good-by, dear Baucis," when they were changed into two noble trees — he into an oak, and she into a linden.

Long, long ago, the temple fell in ruins and was forgotten; but the trees still stand side by side on the slope of the hill. When the wind rises, the poor people who pass that way hear the rustle of the leaves and see the branches caress each other; and they fancy that they hear the trees saying, "Dear Baucis!" "Dear Philemon!"

DEFINITIONS. — Jū'pĭ ter, *the chief deity or god of the ancient Romans.* Měr'cu ry, *the messenger of the gods.* Gärb, *clothing.* Twī'lĭght, *the time between daylight and dark.* Gĭld'ed, *covered with gold.* Trăns fôrmed', *changed.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD MOTH.



Do you see that large green worm creeping on the tomato vine? It is an ugly thing to look at, but it will not hurt you; the sharp horn on its tail cannot harm you in the least.

Take it home with you, and put it in a pan half full of dry soil. Cover it over with tomato leaves, and then wait and see what it will do.

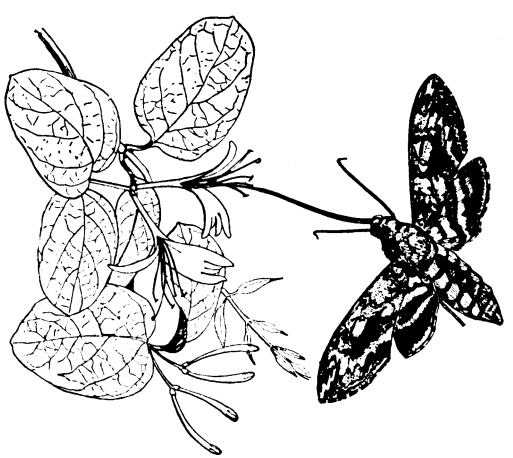
When it has eaten as many leaves as it wants it will bury itself in the soil at the bottom of the pan. There it will build itself an earthen house just large enough to hold its body which is now no longer a worm but a pupa.

Here is a picture of the pupa. It is of a reddish brown color, and has a long tongue case shaped like the handle of a pitcher. Think of having a tongue so long that it must be kept in a separate case!

When the long winter is over, the pupa will wake from its sleep. But when it breaks the wall of its house and comes up to the top of the soil it will not be a pupa but a poor feeble moth.

Push a stick down into the soil, so as to give it a helping hand. It is the most that you can do for it, and that is quite enough. It will soon creep to the top of the stick, and when its wings become dry and strong it will need no further help from you.

Have you ever seen a humming bird? Well, your little moth will look very much like one. In fact it is often called a "humming-bird moth."



On each side of its body you may see five round, orange-colored spots encircled with black. Its

wings are of a gray color, and marked with dark lines.

Its tongue is a good deal longer than its body; and when not in use, it is coiled up like the spring of a watch. No wonder that it needed a separate case for itself! This tongue is for sucking up the sweets of flowers.

The moth makes a low, humming sound as it flies among the pretty blossoms. Early in the morning or late in the evening it goes out to search for food. Then you may sometimes see it darting its long tongue into the blossoms of the honeysuckle, or the morning-glory, or other flowers that hold the honey which it likes.

"Almost a bird," you will say to yourself; and you will wonder that so beautiful a creature could ever have been hidden away under the ugly skin of a green tomato worm.

— *From* "Our Shy Neighbors."

DEFINITIONS. — To mā'to, *a common garden vegetable.* Pū'pȧ, *an immature insect, chrysalis.* Coiled, *wound up in a circular shape.* Mŏth, *an insect resembling a butterfly.* En çīr'eled, *surrounded.*

WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl:
  She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
  That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
  And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
  Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And, wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;

If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DEFINITIONS. — Clŭs'tered, *hung in bunches.* Rŭs'tic, *country-like.* Kĕr'chief, *handkerchief.* Pŏr'rin ger, *a small dish for soup or porridge.* Re lēased', *freed, relieved.*

EXERCISE. — Who wrote the poem entitled, "We are Seven"? Find out all that you can about his life and about his poetry. Find some other short poem written by him, and read it aloud. Why did the little girl continue to insist that there were seven children in the family? Write this story from memory, using your own words.

BLACK BEAUTY.

THE STORY OF A HORSE.

I.

I shall never forget my new master; he had black eyes and a hooked nose; his mouth was as full of teeth as a bulldog's, and his voice was as harsh as the grinding of cart wheels over gravel stones. His name was Nicholas Skinner.

Skinner had a low set of cabs and a low set of drivers; he was hard on the men, and the men were hard on the horses. Much as I had seen before, I never knew until then the utter misery of a cab horse's life. In this place we had no Sunday rest, and it was in the heat of summer.

Sometimes on a Sunday morning a party of young men would hire the cab for the day; four of them sat inside and another sat with the driver, and I had to take them ten or fifteen miles out into the country, and back

again; never would any of them get down to walk up a hill, let it be ever so steep, or the day ever so hot — unless, indeed, when the driver was afraid I could not manage it; and sometimes I was so fevered and worn that I could hardly touch my food.

How I longed for the nice bran mash that Jerry sometimes gave us on Saturday nights in hot weather, that used to cool us down and make us so comfortable. Then we had two nights and a whole day for unbroken rest, and on Monday morning we were as fresh as young horses again; but here there was no rest, and my driver was just as hard as his master.

He had a cruel whip with something so sharp at the end that it sometimes drew blood, and he would even cut me under the body, and flip the lash out at my head. Treatment like this took the heart out of me terribly, but still I did my best and never hung back; for it was no use; men are the strongest.

My life was now so utterly wretched that

I wished I might drop down dead at my work, and be out of my misery; and one day my wish very nearly came to pass.

II.

I went on the stand at eight in the morning, and had done a good share of work when we had to take a passenger to the railway. A long train was just expected in, and so my driver pulled up and waited for the chance of a return passenger.

It was a very heavy train, and as all the cabs were soon engaged, ours was called for. There was a party of four; a noisy, blustering man with a lady, a little boy, and a young girl, and a great deal of luggage. The lady and the boy got into the cab, and while the man gave orders about the luggage, the young girl came and looked at me.

"Papa," she said, "I am sure this poor horse cannot take us and all our luggage so far; he is so weak and worn out; do look at him!"

"Oh, he's all right, miss!" said my driver; "he's strong enough."

The porter, who was pulling about some heavy boxes, asked the gentleman, as there was so much luggage, whether he would not take a second cab.

"Can your horse do it, or can't he?" said the blustering man.

"Oh, he can do it all right, sir; send up the boxes, porter; he could take more than that," and he helped to haul up a box so heavy that I could feel the springs go down.

"Papa, papa, do take a second cab," said the young girl. "I am sure we are wrong; I am sure it is very cruel."

"Nonsense, Grace; get in at once, and don't make all this fuss; a pretty thing it would be if a man of business had to examine every cab horse before he hired it — the man knows his own business, of course; there, get in and hold your tongue!"

My gentle friend had to obey; and box after box was dragged up and put on the top of the cab, or settled by the side of the driver. At last all was ready, and with his usual jerk

at the rein, and slash of the whip, he drove out of the station.

The load was very heavy, and I had had neither food nor rest since morning; but I did my best, as I had always done, in spite of cruelty and injustice.

III.

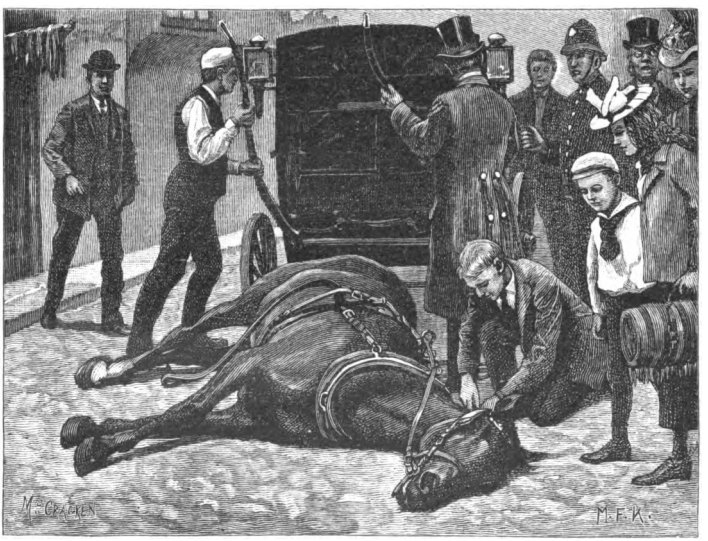
I got along fairly till we came to Ludgate Hill, but there the heavy load and my own exhaustion were too much. I was struggling to keep on, when, in a single moment, — I cannot tell how, — my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the ground on my side; the suddenness and the force with which I fell seemed to beat all the breath out of my body.

I lay perfectly still; indeed, I had no power to move, and I thought now I was going to die. I heard a sort of confusion round me, loud, angry voices, and the getting down of the luggage, but it was all like a dream.

I thought I heard that sweet, pitiful voice saying, "Oh, that poor horse! it is all our fault." Some one came and loosened the

throat strap of my bridle, and undid the traces which kept the collar so tight upon me.

Some one said, "He's dead; he'll never get up again." Then I could hear a police-



man giving orders, but I did not even open my eyes; I could only draw a gasping breath now and then. Some cold water was poured over my head, and some cordial was poured into my mouth, and something was covered over me.

IV.

I cannot tell how long I lay there, but I found my life coming back, and a kind-voiced man was patting me and encouraging me to rise. After some more cordial had been given me, and after one or two attempts, I staggered to my feet, and was gently led to some stables which were close by. Here I was put into a well-littered stall, and some warm gruel was brought to me, which I drank thankfully.

In the evening I was a little better and was led back to Skinner's stables, where I think they did the best for me they could. In the morning Skinner came with a farrier to look at me. He examined me very closely, and said: —

"This is a case of overwork more than disease, and if you could give him a run off for six months, he would be able to work again; but now there is not an ounce of strength in him."

"Then he must go to the dogs," said Skinner. "I have no meadows to nurse

sick horses in — he might get well or he might not; that sort of thing doesn't suit my business; my plan is to work 'em as long as they'll go, and then sell 'em for what they'll fetch."

"If he was broken-winded," said the farrier, "it would be better to have him killed at once; but he is not. There is a sale of horses coming off in about ten days; if you rest him and feed him up, he may pick up, and you may get more than his skin is worth, at any rate."

So Skinner, rather unwillingly, I think, gave orders that I should be well fed and cared for, and the stableman, happily for me, carried out the orders with a good will. Ten days of perfect rest, plenty of good oats, hay, and bran mashes, did more to get up my condition than anything else could have done. Those mashes were delicious, and I began to think, after all, it might be better to live than go to the dogs.

When the twelfth day after the accident came, I was taken to the sale, a few miles

out of London. I felt that any change must be an improvement, and so I held up my head and hoped for the best.

V.

At this sale I found myself in company with the old, broken-down horses, — some lame, some broken-winded, some old, and some that it would have been merciful to shoot. Coming from the better part of the fair I noticed a man who looked like a gentleman farmer, with a young boy by his side.

"There's a horse, Willie, that has known better days."

"Poor old fellow!" said the boy; "do you think, grandpapa, he was ever a carriage horse?"

"Oh, yes, my boy!" said the farmer; "he might have been anything when he was young; there's a deal of breeding about that horse." He put out his hand and gave me a kind pat on the neck. I put out my nose in answer to his kindness; the boy stroked my face.

"Poor old fellow! see, grandpapa, how well he understands kindness. Could not you buy him and make him young again as you did with Ladybird?"

So the kind old gentleman bought me, and I was then gently ridden home by a servant of my new master's, and turned into a large meadow with a shed in one corner of it.

Mr. Thoroughgood, for that was the name of my kind friend, gave orders that I should have hay and oats every night and morning, and the run of the meadow during the day, and "you, Willie," said he, "must take the oversight of him; I give him in charge to you."

The boy was proud of his charge. There was not a day when he did not pay me a visit. He always came with kind words and caresses, and of course I grew very fond of him. He called me Old Crony, as I used to come to him in the field and follow him about. Sometimes he brought his grandfather, who always looked closely at my legs.

"This is our point, Willie," he would say; "but he is improving so steadily that I think we shall see a change for the better in the spring."

VI.

The perfect rest, the good food, the soft turf, and gentle exercise soon began to tell on my condition and spirits. I had a good constitution from my mother, and I was never strained when I was young, so that I had a better chance than many horses who have been worked before they come to their full strength.

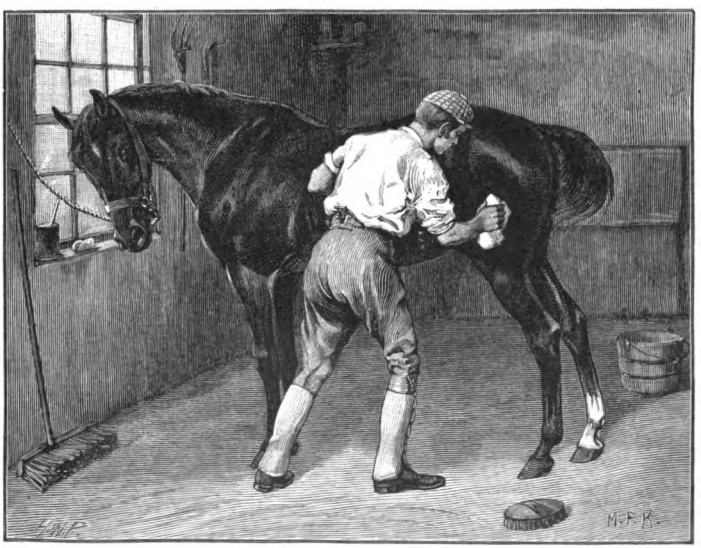
During the winter my legs improved so much that I began to feel quite well again. The spring came round, and one day in March Mr. Thoroughgood said that he would try me in the phaëton. I was well pleased, and he and Willie drove me a few miles. My legs were not stiff now, and I did the work with perfect ease.

"He's growing young, Willie; we must give him a little work now, and by mid-summer he will be as good as Ladybird.

He has a beautiful mouth and good paces; they can't be better."

"Oh grandpapa, how glad I am you bought him!"

"So am I, my boy; but he has to thank



you more than me; we must now be looking out for a quiet, genteel place for him where he will be valued."

One day during the summer the groom cleaned and dressed me with such great care that I thought some new change must be

at hand; he trimmed my fetlocks and legs, passed the tar brush over my hoofs, and even parted my forelock. I think the harness had an extra polish. Willie seemed half anxious, half merry, as he got into the chaise with his grandfather.

"If the ladies take to him," said the old gentleman, "they'll be suited, and he'll be suited; we can but try."

At a distance of a mile or two from the village we came to a pretty, low house, with a lawn and shrubbery at the front, and a drive up to the door. Willie rang the bell and asked if Miss Blomefield or Miss Ellen was at home. Yes, they were. So, whilst Willie staid with me, Mr. Thoroughgood went into the house.

In about ten minutes he returned, followed by three ladies. They all came and looked at me and asked questions. The youngest lady — that was Miss Ellen — took to me very much; she said she was sure she should like me, I had such a good face. The tall, pale lady said that she should always be ner-

vous in riding behind a horse that had once been down, as I might come down again.

"You see, ladies," said Mr. Thoroughgood, "many first-rate horses have had their knees broken through the carelessness of their drivers, without any fault of their own, and from what I see of this horse I should say that is his case. If you wish, you can have him on trial, and then your coachman will see what he thinks of him."

It was then arranged that I should be sent for the next day.

VII.

In the morning a young man came for me, and I was led to my new home, placed in a comfortable stable, fed, and left to myself. The next day, when my groom was cleaning my face, he said: —

"That is just like the star that 'Black Beauty' had; he is much the same height, too; I wonder where he is now."

A little farther on, he came to the place in my neck where I was bled, and where a little knot was left in the skin. He almost started,

and began to look me over carefully, talking to himself.

"White star in the forehead, one white foot on the off side, this little knot just in that place;" then looking at the middle of my back — "and as I am alive, there is that little patch of white hair that John used to call 'Beauty's threepenny bit.' It *must* be Black Beauty! Why, Beauty! Beauty! do you know me? Little Joe Green, that almost killed you?" And he began patting and patting me as if he was quite overjoyed.

I could not say that I remembered him, for now he was a fine grown young fellow, with black whiskers and a man's voice, but I was sure he knew me, and that he was Joe Green, and I was very glad. I put my nose up to him, and tried to say that we were friends. I never saw a man so pleased.

"Give you a fair trial! I should think so, indeed! I wonder who the rascal was that broke your knees, my old Beauty! you must have been badly served out somewhere; well, well, it won't be my fault if you haven't good

times of it now. I wish John Manly was here to see you."

In the afternoon I was put into a low park chair and brought to the door. Miss Ellen was going to try me, and Green went with her. I soon found that she was a good driver, and she seemed pleased with my paces. I heard Joe telling her about me, and he was sure I was Squire Gordon's old Black Beauty.

When we returned, the other sisters came out to hear how I had behaved myself. She told them what she had just heard, and said: —

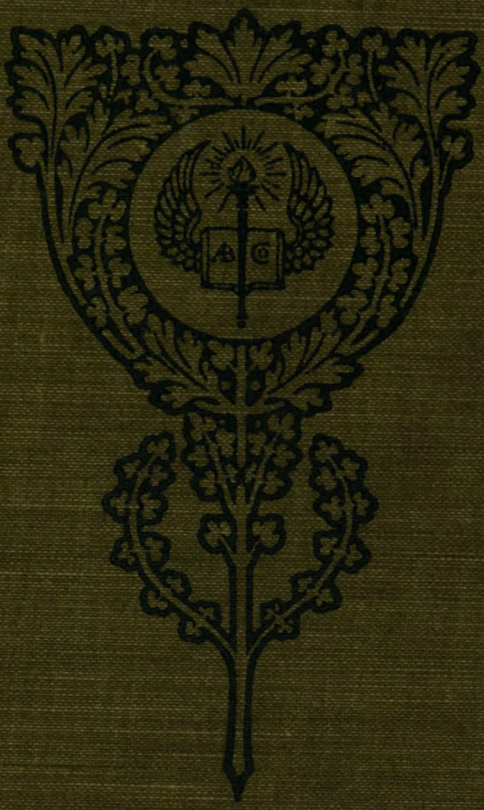
"I shall certainly write to Mrs. Gordon, and tell her that her favorite horse has come to us. How pleased she will be!"

After this I was driven every day for a week or so, and as I appeared to be quite safe, Miss Lavinia at last ventured out in the small close carriage. After this it was quite decided to keep me, and call me by my old name of "Black Beauty."

I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. Joe is the best and kindest of

grooms. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength and spirits all coming back again. Mr. Thoroughgood said to Joe the other day: —

"In your place he will last till he is twenty years old — perhaps more."

Willie always speaks to me when he can, and treats me as his special friend. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often before I am quite awake, I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees.

— A. Sewell.